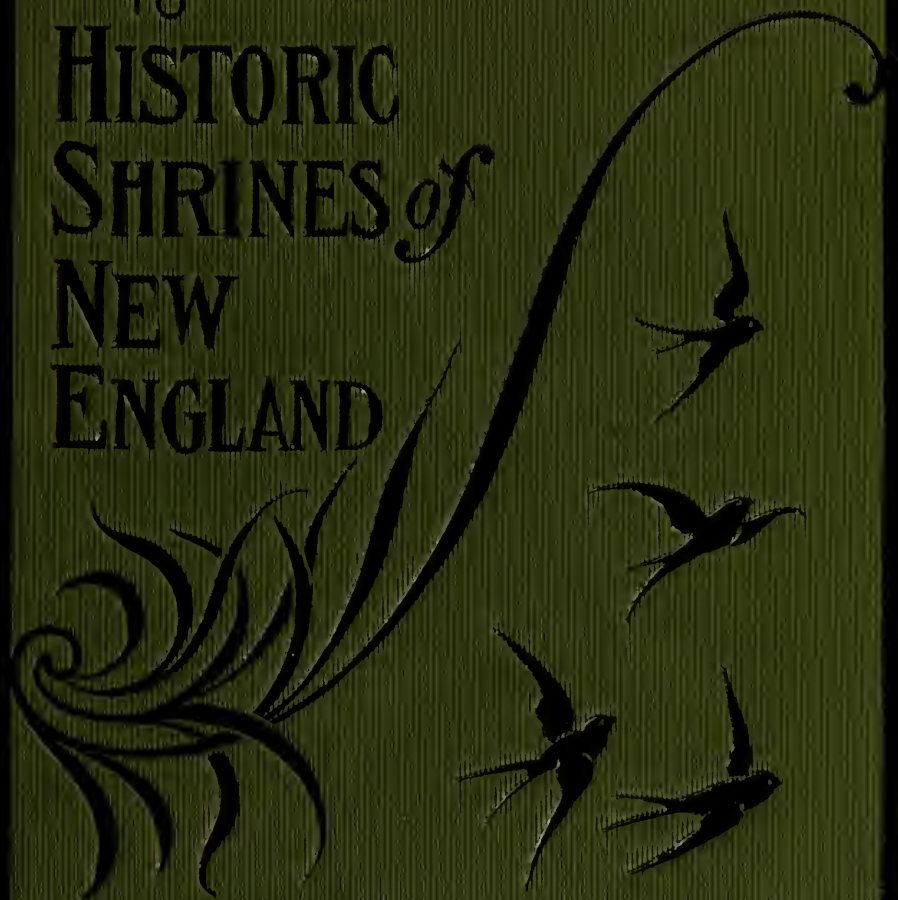


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LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO
HISTORIC
SHRINES *of*
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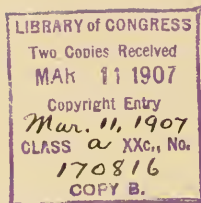
A LITTLE JOURNEY
TO
HISTORIC AND
PICTURESQUE SHRINES OF
Central New England

For Home and School, Intermediate
and Upper Grades

BY
FELIX J. KOCH, A. B.
(MEMBER AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY)

Author of "A Little Journey to the Balkans," "Little
Journey to Austro-Hungary," etc.

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A Little Journey to New England's Historic Shrines

WHEN reading the poet's exalted question:

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?”

we have in our minds altered the lines just enough to ask whether in this broad republic of ours there lives an American boy or girl who has not longed to make a pilgrimage to the corner-stones of the nation,—Plymouth, and old Salem, the witch city, Faneuil Hall, Old South Church, and the hundred and one places of which, as far back in our childhood as we can remember, we have been told and have read.

Three places every young American probably hopes some day to see,—Washington, Philadelphia, and even more than either of these, central New England,—for New England is richer in traditions and historic sites than both the other places put together.

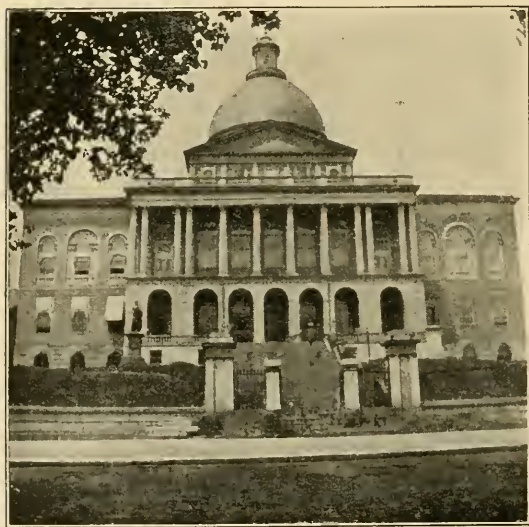
If we intend our *Little Journey* to this part of New England to be a thorough one we must make up our minds to “make a summer of it.” It will take many days to explore Boston alone, and after that months can very easily be devoted to Massachusetts.

We will begin by looking up transportation, and we shall find that to-day nearly all the places we most desire to see are connected by trolley, rail or steam with Boston. Boston, then, will be our headquarters,

and if we are wise we will find rooms in some cottage on the Bay, within ten or fifteen minutes journey to the city, yet far enough away from it for quiet evenings in which to copy our notes and rest peacefully on the verandas. In bad weather, when sight-seeing is impossible, our cottage will be convenient for dips in the salt sea and for sport on the sand in our bathing suits.

OUR FIRST DAY IN BOSTON

OUR first entry into Boston, to begin sight-seeing, will be a perplexing occasion. Where shall we start?



MASSACHUSETTS CAPITOL, BOSTON

Where go first? We have always heard of the complexity of Boston's mazes of streets. Dare we plunge into them alone without knowing any of the landmarks, without having "oriented" ourselves?

We resolve on the old plan that has worked so successfully in our *Little Journeys* abroad, of taking a car ride and seeing things superficially first and

going deeper into them later on. From the wharf where the broad, blunt-nosed ferry boats (that remind us of the vessels plying New York Bay) land the cottagers of Boston, we board one of the Massachusetts Avenue street-cars for a long ride across the city. We are carried into the shadows cast by the elevated railway overhead, and among tall, gloomy warehouses and docks. We turn a corner and perceive the first evidence of Boston's far-famed cleanliness and civic pride,—this is a cart belonging to the street-cleaning department, devoted solely to gathering waste paper. We are passing the immense North Depot,—four stories high,—and enter the shopping district of Boston. The stores, we notice, have splendid plate-glass windows, but they strike us as small in comparison to the great "*magazins*" we have visited in New York, on our way to New England. Possibly we have not seen the largest, for we are entering a cheap-store district. People suddenly gaze out of the car windows; we follow their example, and notice a curious black vehicle with little latticed windows, go by. This, a neighbor informs us, is the "Black Maria," used to convey prisoners from court to jail, that their feelings may not be hurt by the staring of passers-by.

We have now reached the famous Public Gardens—a pretty park surrounded by iron railings—and before we know it we arrive at the Boston Public Library, one of the most famous institutions in the country. We leave the car here and begin our sight-seeing in earnest. As we saunter up the broad walk to the entrance, we scan our guide book hastily to see what it may have to say about this structure.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE BOSTON LIBRARY, we learn, was the first free library supported by taxation in the United States, and was opened a little more than half a century ago. Second only to the Library of Congress, which has the advantage of receiving a copy of every copyrighted book, the Boston Library is the largest and best equipped in the country. The present building, designed by Mr. Charles F. McKim, was begun in 1888 and not completed until 1895; its cost is estimated at more than two million dollars. Looking up we observe the building to be of Medford granite, of a peculiar grayish-white, built in the style of the Italian renaissance, and in the form of a quadrangle about a central court. The dimensions, we learn, are 225 x 257 feet. Its aspect is most impressive. The front is a heavy, lower story supporting, as architects put it, an arcaded second floor, over which has been set a narrow frieze with inscriptions, and a magnificent cornice projecting just seventy feet over the street.

We enter the building by one of three arched doors, closed by heavy wrought-iron gates, noting the handsome medallion seals of the State, the City, and the Library set directly under the windows of the upper floor. The vestibule we believe to be the finest we have ever entered. Floor, walls and ceiling are all of pink Knoxville marble; the floor is inlaid with brown and other varieties of stone. We pass through another series of door-ways, cut in imitation of the doors to the Eretheium or Temple of Athene on the Acropolis, into the entrance hall. This is a low, broad vestibule

again divided into aisles by heavy piers of sandstone; corridors lead to the cataloguing room on the one side and the newspaper reading-room on the other, but we will come to these later on; we wish to examine this apartment more carefully. The ceiling, we note, is a series of vaulted domes in the side bays; in the arches, between the piers of the main aisle, are cut the names of six great Bostonians.

We close our eyes and try to guess who are the six men in the world of letters that Boston is proud to claim as her greatest. Some of us name this man, some that—all, of course, mention Longfellow; then we give it up and copy the list—"Adams, Emerson, Franklin, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Pierce." Possibly the man compiling the list had his doubts as to precedence and so cut the Gordian knot by placing the names alphabetically. In the side domes are other names in groups of four; names dear to Bostonians, and which we will so often meet with on this *Little Journey* that we might as well jot them down here at once — Channing, Eliot, Mather, Parker, Garrison, Mann, Philips, Sumner, Bulfinch, Bancroft, Motley, Parkman, Prescott, Agassiz, Gray, Choate, Story and Winthrop.

On the floor we observe the zodiacal signs, inlaid, in brass, in the marble. We glance at the coat-room and the elevators on the one hand; the toilet apartments, public telephones and public stenographers on the other; everything most convenient! Beyond is the newspaper room where, on racks and tables, about three hundred daily and eighty-five weekly papers are at the disposal of the reader. Opening into

this room are the periodical chambers, where over fifteen hundred magazines are on file.

Directly opposite the main entrance of the Library we come to the famous stairs of the Library; the sides are of yellow Sienna marble, and the steps themselves of a gray marble from France. Half-way up the flight there is a landing, with a lion resting on a huge granite pedestal on each side; these were the gift of two Massachusetts volunteer companies, in memory of their comrades who fought in the Civil War. From this landing doors of oak open upon a balcony overhanging the court, where we may draw a breath of fresh air, if so inclined. We, however, are fascinated by the paintings overhanging these stairs. Here is an allegorical one of "Chemistry"—representing an experiment in progress in a retort, while beyond, the decaying body of an animal is fertilizing the soil that beautiful flowers may bloom. Next to this is "Physics"—two women receiving good and bad news, respectively, from the telegraph. "Philosophy" is portrayed by Plato walking in the garden, addressing his disciples; and "Astronomy" by the Chaldean shepherds at night, and so on. Above, the wall is divided into five high-arched panels, with nine paintings of the Muses meeting about a central figure of the "Genius of Education" in the center of the dome, by the great French artist Puvis de Chavannes.

We can then enter the delivery room, or the children's room, or, more interesting still, drop into Bates Hall, the great reading room, two hundred and eighteen feet long by forty-two and a half wide. Book-cases of oak, eight feet in height, line three walls of this

chamber, and about nine thousand reference books are subject to instant call. No book may be carried from this room, but accommodations are provided for over three hundred readers, and there are thirty-three tables, twelve feet long and about three and a half wide, inviting us to sit down and indulge in good literature. Each table and chair has a number which the reader records on the slip with which he orders a book to be brought to him. We must also see the delivery room (where books are applied for, given out and returned), for the luminous paintings by Edwin Abbey, of the "Quest of the Holy Grail" are here. This cycle of pictures, which represents the whole search for the sacred vessel, is possibly as fine a series as any we will meet on our *Little Journey*.

We must, of course, see the children's room, with its four thousand volumes stretching along the walls, within reach of the young folks, and its tables waiting to receive the young readers. Copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Address to the King, and the Articles of Confederation, with the original autographs of the signers, hang on the walls; and in addition, there is one of the original thirteen broad-sides of the Declaration, issued to the thirteen original states after its adoption. There is another children's reference room adjoining, with maps and photographs for school work, and a gallery of kindergarten literature for teachers of that branch.

On the third floor there are special libraries, but we will not examine these, nor the special collections of photographs and landscape literature, but will take a

parting look at the pictures of the Holy Grail, and pass out.

THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

We now cross Copley Square to a handsome building known as the Museum of Fine Arts—the best equipped art gallery in the country, next to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Saturdays and Sundays admission is free, but to-day we must pay a quarter. The first floor is dedicated to an endless collection of casts, arranged in chronological order and illustrating the history of art from as far back as the year four thousand B. C., to modern sculpture. Up stairs, however, are the gems—the paintings. Botticelli, the famous Italian, is represented by his “Virgin and Child With St. John;” Holbein, whom we so often met on our European *Little Journey*, by his “Donor and His Two Patron Saints;” here, too, is Metsu’s “The Usurer,” portraying the old miser taking a woman’s money from across a table, striking for its exquisite workmanship; Van Ruysdael’s picture of the “Skirt of the Forest” we agree is a pretty scene, but it seems much too dark to us. We stop before a Rubens—“The Wedding of St. Catherine”—painted for an Antwerp church, and then our eye is caught by a picture entitled the “Interior of a Butcher Shop,” which is decidedly too full of customers and in which the colors appear to be fading. One thing that does hold us, however, is Gilbert Stuart’s famous Athenæum portrait of George and Martha Washington, painted from life. Only part of the back-ground of this oil painting is put in; as the rest of the canvas

remains bare, the effect is rather crude. Quite a number of Copley's pictures hang close by, as do the originals of John Trumbull's "Alexander Hamilton" and Page's "Quincy Adams," which we have so often seen reproduced. Famous paintings are on every hand; Turner's "Slave Ship," and "The Mouth of the Thames;" John Constable's "English Manor," and work from the brush of Joshua Reynolds, as well as more modern artists, all invite one to linger; but so much remains to be seen that we must pass on, and we enter the rooms containing prints and water-colors; Japanese screens, textiles, and pottery; here are electrotypes reproductions of Greek metal-work of fourteen hundred years before Christ was born; relics of early Greece and Rome, and rich, opalescent blue-green glass, made by the ancient Phœnicians. A curious table is shown us in one room, filled with little depressions; this stood in the market-place of Asos, and was the standard of liquid measure for the citizens of that old Greek town. A stone canopy, with pillars resting on the backs of lions, each of which clutches a horse, is another unique curiosity. Illuminated missals, elegant lacquers and handsome palanquins are beyond; but we prefer to return to the paintings.

We must have another glance at Botticelli's faded colors; at the Turner's "Slave Ship," in its setting of stormy sea, sky, and water, so blended in reddish-yellow tones that it is hard to tell where they meet; beneath the waves the fish devour a drowning slave; at Vedder's wonderful "Lair of the Sea Serpent," the monster writhing in a gloomy dune by the sea; we would note again the magnificent tapestry effect in

Lippi's "Holy Family;" with this all too hurried farewell glimpse of these noble masterpieces we emerge on Copley Square.

COPLEY SQUARE

ON ONE hand is the Library; across the square looms Trinity Church, the most beautiful house of worship in the city; it belongs to the Episcopalians, and is



NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

built in the shape of a Latin cross, with a half-circular apse added to the east arm. We cross over to examine the handsome "Galilee porch" on the west front, and the memorial windows, in the chancel, in-

side. The sacred pictures in the tower, and the mural paintings by La Farge we also greatly admire.

We are now in the heart of modern Boston, an elegant hotel rises by a little park. To the right of it is an ivy-covered Girls' School; and beyond this the New Old South Church—of brownstone—likewise covered with trailing vines. "New Old South" is a

Congregational church, the second finest house of worship in Boston; it is built of Roxbury stone in North Italian Gothic style, with a tower two hundred and forty feet high, making it visible from afar. From this tower an arcade, filled with tablets, crosses the front of the church, while over the center of the building has been placed a huge copper gilded lantern, fitted with twelve windows, through which the light filters whenever evening service is in progress.

Boston, like Brooklyn, is a city of interesting churches, and here, as in Rome, we can scarce afford to omit any on our *Little Journey*. It is not many yards to the Second Congregational Church, interesting for its antiquity. It was founded in 1649, when there was but one other congregation in the city, and numbered among its ministers Increase and Cotton Mather, and Emerson the philosopher. Almost opposite is another of the handsome hotels of Boston.

We continue our jaunt a little farther and come upon the famous Boston "Tech," or, as its official title reads, "The Institute of Technology," one of the celebrated schools of the land. Possibly some of us have planned to come here some day, and so we will enter one of the two large brick buildings on the campus—the one a four-story plain edifice, the other somewhat resembling the Philadelphia Mint. Summer-school is in session, so we will not disturb the classrooms; but walking through the dark, wooden-floored corridors, glance at the bulletin boards of each year's class, which hang on every side.

It is now lunch time, and we step into a restaurant. What do we want? Something characteristic, of course,

baked beans, with a slice of pork, served in dainty little blue dishes, and a piece of Boston brown bread—that delicious composition that verily melts in our mouths. The Bostonians are a temperate people, and we note that they frequently take milk or coffee with their meals. They do not seem exceptionally friendly

to the stranger, but when we have been introduced by some mutual friend we find the Yankees very cordial.

We have now reached the Botanic Gardens and pass through them. They differ in no wise from an ordinary



INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON

public park, with beautiful flower beds under the ancient trees; there is little that is really rare, in fact, while all of the trees are named, there is nothing to be noted except the abundance of ferns, white lilies, and hydrangeas—these are now in bloom—but the floral display varies from crocus to chrysanthemum, according to season.

Ball's equestrian statue of Washington stands in these gardens.

THE FAMOUS COMMON

JUST what shall we find the Boston Common to be? Possibly most of us have expected a flat grass plot fringed with trees, with here and there a flower-bed. Instead we find the Common to be a great park, with an encircling drive shaded by ancient elms and enclosed with an iron railing of considerable height. Benches are liberally scattered about, and we may rest, if we wish, and watch the procession of pedestrians going and coming. If we make the tour we find first the inevitable grass-plot; then a tiny old cemetery with very ancient graves, behind which rise the stores and theaters of Boston. At a cross-road there is a Soldiers' Monument beside a lake—we shall find that throughout New England every city, great or small, has its soldiers' monument—a band-stand and a serpentine road; here we may well rest to see what our guide book has to say about this same historic Common.

The Boston Common of to-day includes forty-eight acres. In 1640, we are told, the place was a training ground for soldiers and a communal grazing place for the cattle of Boston. There existed at that time a granary and an alms-house, a pillory and a whipping post. In 1659 it was the place of execution for Quakers and Indians and (incidentally) spies, and persons guilty of robbery or arson. Then came more strenuous times; in 1745 forces were mustered here for the attack on Louisburg, and fourteen years afterward Lord Amherst's troops were encamped on the site prior to their march to Canada. Sixteen years went by, and

the Common was converted into a fortified camp, with a battery and some seventeen hundred Red Coats stationed there. "Here," says the chronicler, "Rochambeau's army assembled, and here Washington's troops were quartered after the siege of Boston." Even to-day the Common resounds to martial feet, for annually the Ancient and Honorable Artillery hold a parade, and once a year the school boys of the city have their procession through the place, for in the summer the Common is a recognized public playground, and even outdoor prayer services are held there.

Formerly the old cemetery in the Common was larger and contained many of the prominent citizens of the Boston of 1756, but in 1846, and again in 1895, when the subway was built, many graves were desecrated.

We, of course, must see the Gardner-Brewer fountain on the Common, as also the monument on the site of the Boston Massacre—a figure of "Revolution Breaking the Chains," with a bas-relief of the massacre—which was really no massacre after all, as we count numbers under that term to-day. Another monument that will interest us is the Shaw memorial, by St. Gaudens, erected to the commander of the first Massachusetts regiment of colored men serving in the Civil War (the 54th Massachusetts Infantry), representing him in action at the head of his troops. Col. Shaw was killed at Ft. Wagner, South Carolina, in 1863.

Leaving the Common we come out at the corner of Tremont Street, *the* busy street of Boston; the State House, or Capitol, is just beyond, also St. John's

Evangelical Church, and another of Boston's great hotels.

THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE—THE STATE HOUSE

WE WILL devote ourselves to the first of these, the State House, or as I believe Oliver Wendell Holmes dubbed it, "The Hub of the Universe." Boston's State House is one of the typical official buildings of the olden time and style, having been erected after designs of Charles Bulfinch, the noted architect, in 1798. The corner-stone, however, was laid three years before, and the annals record that Paul Revere had charge of the ceremonies, that Samuel Adams was the orator of the occasion, and that the site was John Hancock's old cow pasture. We are first impressed by the portico, reached by extraordinarily broad and high stairs, on which are set statues of Webster and other notables; these were purchased by the school children of the city; in this way, for many years, civic pride has been inculcated into the little folks of the city, making them careful of public parks and grounds. A pillar, surmounted by an eagle, stands in the grounds on one side; this is known as the Beacon Monument. While the plan of the Boston State House is designed after that of the older buildings, these were torn down in 1901, when the main part of the edifice was re-built and an extension costing five million dollars was added.

Of course we must visit the State House, so we climb the stairs and enter Doric Hall. A statue of Washington and one of Gov. Andrew greet us first, and then a number of cannon confront us. Two of these are pre-

served in memory of two officers who aided in fomenting revolution against the British at Concord on April 19, 1775; and two were taken in the war of 1812. Facsimiles of the tomb-stones of Washington's parents at Brighton, England, are also here. On the walls hang portraits of sixteen of the Governors of the Commonwealth. In the rear, beneath a skylight with the blazon of liberty, are set old State seals, and there is a case of the Spanish war flags that, by their modernity, seem strangely out of place.

In the center of the State House is Memorial Hall—a lofty apartment, with a circular dome upheld by sixteen pillars of Sienna marble. About this dome is a heavy bronze cornice, set with eagles, above which, in the glass, is the crest of the State, surrounded by the seals of the twelve other original states. If we do not know these several seals by heart before we get through with our *Little Journey* we shall be poor observers indeed, so frequently are they presented.

We pass some cases of battle flags of the Civil War and ascend to the third floor, the seat of the executive department; here every Governor has had his office since the time of Samuel Adams. We peep into the Senate chamber; its galleries are supported by Doric columns, and the great dome is upheld by four rather broad arches. Over the chair of the President of the body, national and state flags are hung, surmounted by a gilded eagle, while on the north wall the arms of the Commonwealth stand forth. From January 11, 1798, to January 2, 1895, every House of Representatives of Massachusetts met here, but a little over a decade ago the lesser body was removed to the new

annex. Think of the scenes this chamber has witnessed; the motions it has heard, and laws that have come up for consideration! We try to recall just a few of them—they would almost comprise the entire history of the nation since it became a nation—but the number appalls us. The guides lead us on to the Senate reading room and library, the second largest State library in the Union—containing about one hundred and ten thousand volumes. Among the books gathered here is Governor Bradford's famous "History of Plymouth," of which we will hear later on. Reading and writing rooms, ladies' parlors, reporters' chambers, telegraph rooms and post office, one and all, lead off from the corridors through which we are ushered to the present chamber of Representatives, an apartment finished in white mahogany. The rooms throughout the building seem deserted, as the legislature is not now in session, and only those men whose duty it is to see that the State House dome is illuminated with electricity every night, appear to have anything to do. Most of the doors into smoking rooms and the like are locked, but Representatives' Hall is open to visitors. Before each leather chair, in the tiers, is a cherry desk with drawers. The room has nothing unusual about it.

WHERE "AMERICA" WAS FIRST SUNG IN PUBLIC

WE LEAVE the State House to come out upon the Park St. Congregational Church, painted, as are many of the churches of Europe, and of no interest except for the fact that in it "America" was sung in public for the first time. Close by is Beacon Street, where

the homes of some of the wealthy citizens are built, and it is but a few steps to the famous Boston Athenæum, where the great portraits of Washington are kept. The Athenæum is a two-story gray stone building, one of the sights of the city for its library of



PARK ST. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON
Where "America" was First Sung in Public

busts. In the rear of the building is the reading room. The library is a private one and contains a large portion of President Washington's collection of books.

We are now near to the sky-scrapers of Boston; in their shadow, however, we come upon old King's Church, a straight and venerable pile built in 1689, to enforce the right to worship for those of the Established Church; to this place came the naval officers

above two hundred thousand volumes in all, and for the above mentioned paintings. We drop in for a hurried glance at the latter. The door-way admits us to a flight of stairs in the center of a quaint old hall in which are numerous

of the King in great pomp, bearing presents from William and Mary, and conducting worship themselves. In 1710, old King's Chapel was enlarged, and in 1753 the present church was built. Later on Rev. Freeman changed it to a Unitarian house of worship, but the high old pews, the tall pulpit with the winding stairs, such as are seen in Holland, and the ancient gallery are allowed to remain, as also a small cemetery just outside.



WHERE THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN
AMERICA STOOD, BOSTON

THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL OF THE COUNTRY

A FEW steps more and we pass the Stock Exchange and reach the City Hall, a three-story white stone building of rather modern erection. It is already, however, much too small for its purpose, so that several of the departments of the civic government have to be accommodated in other parts of the city. Statues of Quincy and of Franklin grace the front, the

latter quite appropriately, for on this site stood from 1634 to 1844 the first school in the country—a Latin academy. School Street, near by, derives its name from this fact.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BOSTON

WE will pass through School Street on our way to the Old Corner Book Store, a modern book-shop, occupying what is believed to be the oldest house at present in Boston, the timbers having been set in position in 1712. The site is that of the home of Ann Hutchinson, of whom we will hear more later on, and who was banished from the town in 1637. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and Thoreau were, the annals state, exceedingly fond of this place and good patrons of the book-store.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

ONE advantage of sight-seeing in Boston is that all places of interest are so close together. From the Old Corner Book Store to Old South Church, tapering up above the stores, is but a step. We hardly need to look up Old South Church in our guide book, so familiar is its history to all of us. It is built on the site of Governor Winthrop's garden, the house in which had been torn down by the British for fuel in 1775, and the land afterward given to the Third Congregational Society for a church; we are told how the place became a favorite one for town meetings of the day. From here it was the famous "Indians" left for the in-famous Tea Party; here the British had a riding-school during the occupation of the city, and here was installed the

post-office after the Boston fire. To-day the tower of Old South Church is closed to the public, but the rest has been converted into a museum, which we will proceed to visit. In the vestry, from which steps lead to the spire, several old cannons have been placed, while doors give admittance to the church itself. On

entering we notice first that the old pulpit with the three chairs remains intact; a painting of a Mr. Thatcher hangs above it, just below the window through which Warren entered to deliver his oration on



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

the Boston massacre—of which we have read in our school books. The portion of the church between pulpit and pews is occupied by cases of relics set upon rather plain tables; and behind these are chairs for the weary. In the rear and on each side a balcony is built, under which there are more cases. High above there is a gallery. Of the relics in these various displays some are of exceptional interest. Hand-made nails of curious forms, Warren's day-book and bullet box, a

tablet erected to the memory of the organization of the first Y. M. C. A. in the country (effected in this church December 29, 1851), odd costumes, money, samplers, great green "calash" bonnets, cradles, spinning wheels, clocks, sermons, hand sun-dials, and paintings on glass—it is hard to say what is not here. Sumner's dishes lie near a commission made out under George II; old Bibles repose by the side of Continental money and ancient newspapers; American flags of 1780 lie upon the war-tax bills of the same year, and paper dolls, guns, and knockers keep company with engravings and copies of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Annually a course of lectures is given in this church, so that it is still used for practical purposes.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE

OUR hand map of the city which we constantly consult, covering the streets as we take them, with pencilmarks, that we may see each day how much of the city has been visited, informs us that the Old State House of Massachusetts is close by, and we pass round the great granite post-office to this quaint relic of the olden time, which to-day harbors two railway offices on its ground floor and is hemmed in by tall office buildings and sky-scrapers. The building itself is of yellow brick; it is quite narrow, and dates back to 1713; ancient heraldic coats-of-arms are set in the exterior facade, above which rises the tower which was once Boston's land-mark. By a side entry, separating the ticket offices from the exhibition rooms of the Bostonian Society, we enter the shrine—peeping into the society's museum—at old dishes and pewter, old

clothing and, particularly, ancient city maps. Quite a number of pictures of our ancestors are here, also state lottery tickets and badges, and an especially interesting hand-bill, threatening to tar and feather an abolitionist, dated 1835.

We are "dead tired" by this time, but must still trudge up the spiral stair to the second floor, where the apartments of Hastings, the old Council Room, and the Governor's office are preserved intact, but contain only some rare old portraits.

Descending the stairs we emerge before the new County Court House—a handsome building erected during the seven years prior to 1894 at the cost of about four million dollars. We find that, with the exception of two small churches, the Jail and General Hospital, we have now seen all that interests us in this section of Boston, and our aching limbs testify that our inspection has been thorough.

We saunter down Tremont Street, glancing in at the



OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

windows of the handsome stores, and taking a peep into the lobby of one of the large hotels, famous for its Oriental decorations and its glittering brass effects. Then we seek one of the little Subway stations in the street, go down the stairs, purchase a ticket and drop it into a box (an attendant watches that no one passes



OUR SUMMER HOME

without so doing) and await the cars through the Subway. We shall enjoy this ride through the long, white tunnels of underground Boston, with the occasional passing car, the stations with the news - stands,

down to the little ferry that conveys us to our hotel.

We find that life at the summer hotels of New England is much like life in these places throughout the country; there is bouillion and salmon, veal, peas, and potatoes, tea, cream, and cake awaiting us. It will take us long to copy our notes and, fanned by the breeze off the bay, we set to work at once, for there is still much to be seen in Boston itself on the morrow.

As we write we hear the sounds of a cottage-city of Boston vicinity. Little ones on the verandas tell of hunting the deep-blue clams, and of a cat which they have seen actually feasting on these bivalves, of rock castles they built on the beach, and fish they caught, and swimming they enjoyed; ladies and gentlemen tell travelers' tales or, if Bostonians, discuss the latest news from the city. Over the park from the hotel float the notes of dance music, perhaps "the Boston Dip," the characteristic dance of the locality, and now and then a graphophone sounds from some neighbor's porch.

BOSTON AT HOLIDAY-TIME, WHERE THE NORSEMEN
LIVED

OUR next jaunt into Boston will be for variety's sake to see the gayer side of the city life. We will take the cars as far as the Common, descend into the Subway, emerging at the Library and Museum, and from there enjoy a long ride through another section of the city. We will thus have an opportunity of seeing some of the great buildings—the Mechanics' Exposition Building and the Horticultural Buildings, the Children's Hospital, Armory and Normal School, also magnificent apartment houses, set out in broad lawns, and fine homes, embellished with wide gardens. At one place, while the car stops, we watch with astonishment the workmen raising a three-story house in order to insert two lower stories. Gradually the flats become less attractive as we get in sight of the Charles River, and the small stores of Brookline, interspersed with homes, replace the more elegant houses. Boston's

love of the beautiful, however, is manifest even here, and we notice unsightly gas-tanks hidden by trailing ivy. If, however, we judge Brookline by the unattractive first few squares we see, we shall soon realize our mistake, for soon some of the finest residences of the city come into view, and the City Hall of Brookline, the Police Station, Post-office and school, all built to harmonize, are splendid structures. We have again reached the apartment house district of the rich, with porches at each window, on many of which, if it be Monday, newly washed clothes may hang. The cars then enter a wide boulevard, with grass plots separating the four sets of track from each other, extending out of Brookline into the adjoining section of Newton. The homes along this boulevard grow more and more handsome, the grounds larger, shrubbery and beautiful gardens surround them; the vegetable gardens are hidden behind roses and honeysuckle. Whenever we cross another car line, as we frequently do, the conductor stops to call off all the villages and suburbs on the adjoining roads, reminding one of a railway porter singing his route before departure. Far off in the distance we see mountains which, we are told, are in New Hampshire. At our side huge sand banks of peculiar silt are being removed by the diggers. We then enter a dense old forest, with wild roses and ferns at the roadside, and the pewees warbling in the trees, which leads to our destination—Norumbega Park.

NORUMBEGA PARK

TO-DAY most visitors to Norumbega go there simply

for amusement. Entering, we pass through a rustic forest lane leading to an amphitheater, roofed as a protection from rain; here we may sit at our ease enjoying out-of-door vaudeville performers—'cyclers riding about in a loop on the rim of a barrel, negroes singing comic songs, and the like. Continuing through the wildwood

edging the Charles (here full of canoes), we may inspect a small zoological garden where are bears, camels, apes, llamas and deer. Cinematograph booths are close by, and there are scales and automatic fortune tellers.

Up on the heights overlooking the sluggish, romantic river, a restaurant is built, where we may take our luncheon.

Sauntering down we come to one of the most interesting points in the vicinity of Norumbega, a stone tower erected by Prof. Horsford to commemorate the settlement by the Norsemen, on the west side of the Charles River, in the year 1000, A. D. Norumbega, the



WHERE THE NORSEMEN LANDED.
CHARLES RIVER

guides explain, is the equivalent of Nor'mbega, the Indian expression for "Norbega," an ancient form of Norvega—i. e., Norway. The Northmen or Norwegians, early colonized this entire coast, known as Vinland.

When we come to Newport, on this *Little Journey*, we will hear more of the Norsemen and the vestiges remaining of their colony. The old Norse city of Vinland was situated, it is claimed, near Watertown in this vicinity; traces of docks and dams, walls and wharves may still be seen. Watertown was settled definitely in 1630, and is now best known as the seat of one of the government arsenals. Possibly it will do us no harm to refresh with the guide-book our knowledge of history in connection with the Norsemen. The coast, from the St. Lawrence down to Rhode Island, we read, was first seen by Bjarne Herjulfson, A. D., 985. Fifteen years later Leif Ericson landed on Cape Cod, where remains of Norse forts and canals are still discernable. At Norumbega a fort stood on the site of the present memorial tower. This place was also settled during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the Breton French. The Charles, however, was discovered by old Leif the Viking, and afterward explored by his brother, Thorwald, about the year 1003. Colonies came four years after this under the lead of Thorfinn Karlsefne, and in 1121 a Bishop, Eric Gnuppsen by name, was installed. For three centuries and a half the Vikings traded in timber, fish, furs and agricultural supplies, and then gradually abandoned the settlement. One thousand three hundred and forty-seven, the sagas or recorded legends

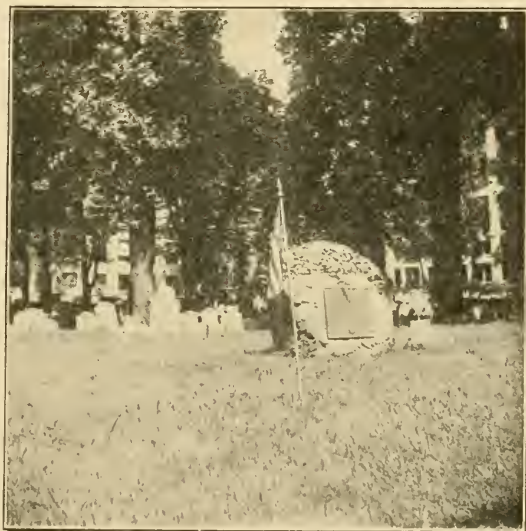
tell us, was the date of departure of the last Norse ship, returning to Iceland.

On our return from Norumbega, by way of Newton, we may, if we wish, change cars, and visit Waltham, a town founded by settlers from the vicinity of an old English abbey by that name, and now famous for its great watch factories. This, however, is out of our path, the more so as we have not yet thoroughly visited Boston.

On our way back to the city the car may be blocked by a procession of Orange-men, wearing yellow scarfs over their shoulders. The delay seems interminable, and as we are in an interesting locality we may as well get out and see what there is to be seen.

THE GRANARY CEMETERY

Not a dozen feet away is the old Granary Cemetery, so called because a town granary once stood here. Nine governors of Massachusetts, three signers of the Declaration of Independence



GRAVE OF JAMES OTIS, BOSTON
One of the Old Cemeteries

dence, Paul Revere, Faneuil, Hancock, and Adams all lie here; also the victims of the Boston Massacre, and the parents of Benjamin Franklin, their graves marked by the stone set by him to their memory in 1827. Hancock's grave, however, cannot now be identified. Surrounded by tall apartment houses, the little cemetery, shaded by ancient trees beneath whose boughs the grass grows high, is peculiarly attractive on a hot summer's day. We ramble with delight among the sloping paths; here we find the boulder in which is set the bronze tablet marking Adams' grave. It bears the simple inscription:—

“SAMUEL ADAMS,
Governor and Signer of the Declaration of
Independence.

Born, 1723. Died, 1803.”

We then catch a snap-shot of the Franklin obelisk, a replica of the first, which time destroyed. The city, in erecting this replica, enclosed in it a tablet of the original slate, on which we note the long curious “s’s” like f’s which were then in use. Old slate slabs, about a foot square, just behind the Adams stone, mark the graves of victims of the massacre; while in the corner a little tapering monument with flat top, is dedicated to Paul Revere. Passing the grave of Bowdoin, founder of the college of that name, we note ten graves of the seventeenth century, and then we chance on the curious slab, resting on six tiny pillars,

marking Gen. Sullivan's grave. We stop a moment to copy Revere's epitaph:—

“PAUL REVERE.

Born

In Boston,

January, 1734;

Died, in May, 1818.”

and then are ready to leave.

HISTORIC SITES

WHITHER NEXT? We are back again in the vicinity of the Park Street Church—Lyman Beecher's old house of worship. We note that red crosses, marking points of interest, are dotted pretty thickly about on the map of our guide-book and we think it best to follow it. On one side is a four-story cheap-looking red brick building, known as the Ticknor mansion. Here La Fayette was entertained on his memorable visit in 1824. Stores now occupy its lower story on the facade toward the State House, and store windows have been built into the old porch. Awnings bearing advertisements hang from the upper stories. So have the mighty fallen!

We pass the headquarters of the Unitarian Association, the Athenæum, the Jacob Sleeper Hall, a white stone building containing the offices of the Boston University, and the Court House, and come to the old Bowdoin house, Burgoyne's headquarters. Nearby is the site of the Hancock mansion, where Washington and La Fayette were entertained; it was demolished in 1863 to make way for modern improve-

ments. Close by is the Somerset Club, on the site of the former residence of the painter John Copley. The corner of Walnut Street, at which we stand, was the birth-place of Wendell Phillips. Every foot of ground has its associations. We turn a little way down Prescott Street, and see the house in which the historian Prescott died. We then enter Walnut Street, and there we see the house where Motley drew his last breath. On Chestnut Street the occasional homes of Francis Parkman and Edwin Booth may interest us.

Luckily we chance on a guide to Boston—a guide in the flesh, and for a half dollar become one of his already numerous party. We are rather averse to being chaperoned about, but when it comes to finding just which house in a given block is the historic one, we are grateful to the cicerone.

WITH A TOURIST PARTY THROUGH OLD BOSTON

THERE are twenty of us, and we follow our leader in little companies. He takes us down State House Street to the home of Mr. Waine (a grand-son of the signer of the Declaration) from which Mrs. Otis reviewed the troops on their return from the war. He then leads us back into the Capitol and shows some things that we, the uninitiated, omitted before. The statue of Gov. Andrews, for example, he makes especially interesting by telling how it was Andrews who gave the standards to the troops leaving for the Civil War and who received every one of them back again at its close, many of them badly tattered. In the center of the Doric Hall he leads to a painting of Otis speaking against

the writs—which has just been unveiled. In the marble of the floor, too, he points out a curious freak of nature—the veins running together to resemble two men shaking hands, while in the distance there seem to be hills crowned with flag-staffs. In Memorial Hall we are shown the famous painting of the return of the battle flags, which has been so generally scoffed at as incorrect; the flags having been returned not *en masse*, but separately.

In the Senate Chamber, too, this man who knows Boston so well, leads to the gallery where, for so many years, hung the historic codfish, emblem of what was then New England's greatest industry. On the wall here, too, we see a great frame in which are pictures of headless men; to these the photographs of Senators are affixed on election for their identification by the door-keepers. From the windows we can see the monument that is being built on Dorchester Heights, where Washington's forces beat the British and prevented their invading Boston; from the Senate reading-room Bunker Hill Monument is visible.

THE FAMOUS CODFISH

WE PASS through a hallway, lighted by windows decorated with the seals of the old Governors, into the session room of the House of Representatives; the entrance is of white carved marble. The chairs rise in tiers, separated by the desks, accommodating the two hundred and forty representatives who, with forty Senators, make the laws of Massachusetts. Above is the dome, with the seals and names of the fourteen counties of the Commonwealth, and this

is lighted up at night, producing a most brilliant effect.

On each side are galleries of white mahogany—costing, if we may believe our guide, two hundred and fifty dollars per thousand feet. Over the clock, opposite the speaker's chair, is another gallery where hangs the hand-carved wooden codfish—four feet five inches long. It was fashioned in 1774, to typify the greatest industry along seven hundred and fifty miles of the American coast. In one year alone about two hundred and eight million pounds of the fish were prepared in New England, and many fortunes were thus quickly made, giving rise to the term “codfish aristocracy.”

The codfish naturally brings up other questions of local history, and as we stand in its shadow, the guide tells us of the controversy as to just where “Old North Church” stood, from which were hung the signal lights directing Paul Revere on his ride, and telling whether the British were coming by land or sea; many hold that the church was in North Square near Revere's house, that Revere himself was in Clinton Street, close by, and on seeing the lights crossed the river to Charlestown—where horses awaited—and rode thence until captured. Later on we shall follow in the steps of Paul Revere on that memorable ride.

THE LOG OF THE MAYFLOWER

FROM Paul Revere's ride our guide passes easily to the story of Bunker Hill, the battle, and the reading of the Declaration to the people from the old State House. During the story we pass under the silvered stairs to the State Library, with the handsome bronze

folding doors giving access to its hundred thousand volumes, and step inside to see one of the most priceless books in America—the “Log” or “record” of the “Mayflower.” This book is considered so valuable that it rests in a safe with a glass top, through which it is visible. We may linger over the small writing, in fading ink, set on one side only of the pages. The “Log of the Mayflower” was found by Senator Hoar in an English cathedral library, and through the influence of our Ambassador, Mr. Porter, and the archbishop, was presented to the city of Boston by an act of the British Parliament, being first carefully photographed in England. This was in May, 1897.

The Log contains the record of the Puritans in England and Holland, and includes the diary of that memorable ocean voyage, also the “Compact” or constitution made on the “Mayflower,” and the history of the first thirty years at Plymouth.

Passing out of the old State House we hear of a public café on its uppermost floor, which stands over the site of a fifty-foot reservoir cut in rock so hard, that it took twelve years for the workmen to dig down ninety feet. The story seems incredible, but we jot it down in our note books *en-passant*.

We now pass over Beacon Hill and we find other interesting sites and scenes. At one place is the old First Methodist Church, where a tablet tells of Washington taking command of a regiment on that spot on the 2nd, not the 3rd, of July. Beyond, we stand over the pits by means of which forty-five hundred tons of coal are let down into the State House cellars every

fall, to protect the Legislators from the cruel New England winters. Our way leads up past the Mt. Vernon Church of other days, where Dwight Moody, the great preacher, was converted, and the offices of the Calumet Mining Company, whose name is so familiar. Almost in the shadow of the headquarters of the opulent Twentieth Century Club is a four-story building of yellow brick, where the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was signed, and but a stone's throw away loom respectively the Men's and the Women's Prisons. Such are the lights and shadows of precise old Boston.

KING'S CHAPEL

THIS time we step into King's Chapel, and standing in the aisle between white box-pews with their old cloth seats, which face the chancel from three directions, we listen to its history—how, in 1689, a church stood here, though the present edifice was not erected until 1753. Officers' and governors' pews at one side, statues in the niches and old tablets on the wall, galleries to right and left, are pointed out—the whole has a rich, truly regal aspect such as Andros, who founded the parish in 1686, might have desired. It is interesting to note that the first organ in America was played here, and that here was born the congregation that to-day worships in beautiful Trinity Church. Howe and Gage attended worship in the old church whose timbers are inclosed in the more modern structure; and Gov. Shirley is buried in the crypt. This was the great Tory church in pre-revolutionary days, but after the British evacuated Boston only one Episcopal minister was left in town, and this congregation was

forced to join that of Trinity. The old church was then vacated and used by the Americans. Later, when Old South refused the people the right of holding union service there, King's Chapel was again made available for such use. One story goes that the Tea Party left from Old South Church, and that in consequence, two years later, the British forbade the annual public orations being held in it. The legend then says that, accordingly, Warren invited the British officers to King's Chapel, giving them front seats for a public



KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON

meeting, while the rear of the church was so filled with Americans that the Red-coats dared not remonstrate at the bitter speeches against King and crown which were made. The window through which Warren entered, to deliver the principal address on that occasion, still remains. Later the British filled the Old South Church two feet deep with sand, and so the Americans were compelled to worship in the Tory edifice while the British were gone. The public

funeral of Joseph Warren, whose body was not found until 1782, was held here. King's Chapel was Episcopal for ninety-nine years; the Unitarians then occupied it, and for fifty-two years the Rev. James Freeman Clarke was minister. To-day, although it is still Unitarian, the Episcopal ritual is in use—a case unique among American churches.

In the rear gallery of King's Chapel we notice a great clock; on the side is a balcony with multipartite windows. From these we over-look the site of witch trials, and of the flogging and banishment of the Quakers, who were forbidden to return under penalty of hanging. Here, too, arose the Stray Pig Quarrel—a famous quarrel as to whether it was the duty of one side to mend its fences, or of the other to keep its pigs within bounds; a discussion that split the whole Commonwealth and actually resulted, between the years 1636 and 1644, in calling into existence the legislative body that has become the present Senate and House of Representatives. The controversy, needless to say, has not yet been settled.

Those were stirring times, indeed. Not far from here, about 1665, the Baptists made efforts to secure religious liberty—as result of their endeavors they were disfranchised, flogged and banished. When, in spite of this, they presumed to build a church, the governor ordered it nailed up, but they continued meeting in the house just the same. Cotton Mather then charged them with being “licentious and tyrannical” (look up these words in your dictionaries), and the governor again ordered the meeting house closed. About this time, however, the President of Harvard,

having witnessed a Baptist ordination, became disgusted at the persecution, and influenced Judge Sewell—of whom we will hear more later on—among others, to speak against it in the Old South Meeting-house. The result was religious liberty.

That Washington worshipped here is by no means the only noteworthy fact connected with King's Chapel. In 1818 a famous organ, on which Handel had played, arrived, and a society known as the Handel-Haydn Society, possibly the genesis of the musical spirit in America, was organized. Across the street was Faneuil's home, and the wooden grasshopper made as sign for it is still preserved in the reliquary. Holmes' and Sumner's pews are shown; but more interesting than either of these is the seat of the great Tory, Vassal, who was imprisoned for resisting the King. When George IV became king he released Vassal and gave him a grant as compensation for his sufferings. The grant was never collected, and now his heirs have brought a claim against England for the grant and accumulated interest, which amounts to about fifty million pounds sterling. Old Vassal was the son of the man who materially aided in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. A monument in the aisle marks the spot to which prisoners were brought, shackled, in the olden time, to attend religious service before their execution.

THE PIRATE KIDD

AS WITH most of the old churches of New England, the burial ground of the King's Chapel congregation was just outside, and a venerable one it is; the first

burial having been made in the year 1630, when one "Capt. Weldon perished of the small pox." Gov. John Winthrop and his two sons, Gov. Endicott, Mary Chilton of Mayflower fame, Rev. John Winslow, Col. William Daves (who rode to Lexington and Concord prior to the battle to warn the people along the route) are all buried here. We must confess to a special interest in the tomb of Captain Kidd, the pirate, who was hung in Boston. Kidd's hidden treasure has set people digging all along the Atlantic sea-board for nearly two centuries, and here in Boston the guide solemnly avers that if one will come at midnight to this place, tap on Kidd's grave three times, and then ask in a whisper, "Captain Kidd, for what were you hung?" Captain Kidd will answer: "Nothing."

LIGHT FOR THE FOREIGNERS.

FROM King's Chapel we are led through the Court-house and offices that open on an arched area, in which are a gallery and statuary, to see a curious stained window representing "opened-eyed" justice—Boston preferring Justice unbound instead of blindfolded as she is elsewhere represented. A bronze statue of Choate in one corner reminds us of the story that he read his Bible through every two years, and that he knew all the psalms by heart.

We are struck by an intensely bright light before a doorway and learn that this is the Municipal Court, the light being intended to direct foreigners, unable to read English, to the place. A court, a quarter of an acre in size, occupies the center of the building.

We emerge among some sky-scrappers at just the

place where Gov. Vane had his home, and very close to police headquarters, where three commissioners have their bureau; they are appointed to take charge of the police, by the governor instead of by the mayor, as is customary in most American cities. Continuing, we pass little entrances to the Subway, and pause to examine a handsome statue of John Winthrop, which stands very close to the spot where John Hancock's church once stood. A cannon ball lodged in this church during the Revolution, causing the pious to report that the Lord had missed His aim.

We must by no means omit modern Boston, and so will take a good look at the Ames Building, the tallest in the city—a hundred and ninety feet in height, and every one of its thirteen stories occupied. A six-story office building close beside it, stands on the site of Washington's headquarters while resident in Boston. The Boston Museum, close by, is haunted with memories of the actor Booth, and we look at the place with added respect when we are told that here, in 1852, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a play which has swept the country ever since, was for the first time presented to the public. The museum was built in the days when it was not aristocratic to go to theater, but when the "museum" was perfectly proper.

We have made a *detour* back to King's Chapel, passing to the rear of the site of the first public school—which we visited before—in order to see the birth-place of Everett Hale, and then enter most characteristic Boston.

THE NARROW STREETS

AS LONG as we can remember we have heard of the narrow, winding streets of Boston, built irregularly, often following the track of old cow-paths, if we are to believe tradition; but so far we have seen none of these and wonder whether modern Boston has wiped them out of existence. Now, however, we assuredly enter upon them, and we traverse streets that are narrow, deep, dark and winding with a vengeance.

The first of them is Pie Alley, lined with tiny white lunch counters, where the great American dessert is

sold to the newsboys, so Boston is still undecided whether "Pie," the edible, or "Pi," a condition of type suggesting its effect on the stomachs of the boys, is the true name of the alley. In Pie Alley is the site of the tavern "Bell in Hand," at which Washington dined in 1795.

Through narrow streets we come again to the Old



NARROW STREETS, OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE
Oldest House in Boston

Corner Book Store, and pass the site of Winthrop's home, near Old South Church, into Newspaper Row, and again find wide thoroughfares and tall buildings—the entire quarter having been rebuilt after a great fire which devastated Boston in the seventies. On the outskirts of this “fire district” is a handsome six-story office building, which occupies the site of Benjamin Franklin's birth place; on the ground floor is a tailoring establishment. A great many insurance companies occupy the adjoining sky-scrapers. In passing we may drop into the Boston Post-office, through which fifty-eight tons of mail pass every day, to note the arrangement of the corridors, the lower half of the walls being of wood, the upper of transparent glass, so that the rooms are shielded from the public eye, while the halls are well lighted.

THE BANKING DISTRICT

WE ARE in the “money district” of Boston now, but we will find what interests us far more than money almost within the shadow of the Naverick Bank (famous for a great failure some years ago) when we chance on an old red brick structure, standing on the site of the wharf—now filled in—where the famous Tea Party occurred. One of the docks of the modern harbor is mis-named the “Tea Wharf.” Beyond is the Custom House, which resembles the Philadelphia Mint, and the Stock Exchange. We must take a peep into this latter, if only to see the room where the great “copper king” after purchasing for himself an annuity of seventy thousand dollars, in order to be able to run the risk of other bankruptcy,

“plunged” so heavily into copper stocks that the world was amazed. The Stock Exchange building, we are told, has exactly one thousand and eighty-three offices and cost about four million dollars.

Again we come upon a familiar friend, the old State House, and step out into the highway to note a circle of cobble-stones in the street, which commemorates the Massacre. A tiny alley—the smallest street in Boston—so narrow as hardly to admit two abreast, and so dark it is only occasionally that the sun peeps in at all, leads out to the Hancock Tavern—still a sort of restaurant—at which, in the good old days, Washington and Louis Philippe and Tallyrand slept, though it is doubtful if the most unpretentious count of France would today be induced to stay in the old yellow brick structure, with its many fire-escapes, which, in the shape of a modern tenement, now occupies the spot.

FANEUIL HALL

ANOTHER bend of the maze of streets and we find ourselves at the market and Faneuil Hall, the latter the successor of one burned down in 1761 and rebuilt from the proceeds of a lottery. Hère the great *fêtes* of early Boston were held. The house was enlarged to a two-story brick in 1805, and so remained until 1895, when a third story was added for a public meeting place—the second floor being given over to a museum of arms and standards of the “Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.” Outside, where the markets now stand, were, in the olden times, the pilory and stocks.

The clock, by this time, hints that it is supper-time, and we drop into a cozy little Boston eating-house. There is still time for a brief car ride past the place where the pirate, Kidd, was imprisoned, almost opposite the site of Franklin's Press, through Subway and Common, once again, out past Mechanics' Hall, where the peace jubilee was held (three thousand people being seated in the building), among the so-called Back Bay fens, toward Beacon Street, on which Oliver Wendell Holmes lived, and out at the Charles, where the Harvard boat races take place. Across the river lies



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

Cambridge, but as we wish to see this town later on, we return as we have come.

On the cars we hear folk tell of the centennial or bi-centennial celebration of some adjacent town—for New England is very old, as we understand the term, and many of the places are preparing for these anniversaries. In the evening if we wish we may journey back to the heart of the city for the theater, but our

tired limbs make us prefer an idle hour by the sea and early rest.

SHOPPING

ON OUR next jaunt to Boston itself we will want to do some shopping. On our way to the district of great stores we may stop off at the South Depot, the largest terminal railway station in the United States, to overlook its vast train sheds—six hundred feet square. Twenty-eight tracks are here, and a porter tells that when the great steel roof was put in place its weight was said to be nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-six tons.

On our way to the department stores a toy-store catches our eye and we wonder at the unusually large number of hobby horses—a toy we had thought to be going rather out of use. In the days of ancient Greece children played with hobby horses, just as they are doing to-day in Boston. We will find shopping in the big stores of Boston tiresome, for no stools are provided for the customers, and a peculiar custom is in practice as to sales. In place of paying where one has purchased, or having it charged, the clerks are furnished with little books; on completing his sales to us the clerk comes out into the aisle and accompanies us to whichever part of the store we may care to visit, and gives the clerk there our particular booklet; he in turn does the same after recording in it what we buy of him; when we have completed our purchases we hand pay for all to the last salesman.

In a little restaurant in the shopping district we order a "business man's lunch," and chicken pie,

potato salad, coffee and cream are brought to us. Further inspection of the stores shows them to be very like those of other big cities all over the country. We ramble about for an hour or two purchasing gifts for friends, and then return to our sight-seeing. As we have an exceptionally clear day we return to the Capitol, and climbing into the dome, enjoy the view of all Boston and vicinity.

We note one church rather isolated from the rest in the panorama, and learn that it is the Mother Church of the Christian Scientists. A



SHOPPERS ON THE ELEVATED, BOSTON

fellow-traveler in the dome suggests it being worth our while to pay a visit to this edifice, different from any other we have seen, and so thither we repair.

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

THE church is rather pretty, built of stone. Entering, the organ is opposite the door; there are two pulpits for the two "readers"—man and woman—and a number of couches before them. Pews fill

the floor space, while around the sides a gallery extends. Here, for over a decade, the Scientists have gathered practising the creed originated by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, or, as they call her, "Mother Eddy," with its vital dogma that all things can be cured by Christian faith in prayer. Many converts have come to this new sect. The congregation, in contrast to many other church bodies, is very diverse in its social conditions, comprising some of the wealthiest citizens of Boston as well as some of the poorest darkies. Handsome windows representing Christ curing the sick and Mother Eddy crowned, as well as emblematic designs, are pointed out by an enthusiastic worshiper.

We are interested in the service, which consists of reading from the "Key to the Scriptures," compiled by Mrs. Eddy; then alternate readings from the pulpits, the gentleman reading from the Key to the Scriptures, the lady reader from the Bible itself; a solo is sung—one of the Mother's hymns—the creed is read and, finally, another hymn is sung by the entire congregation. After the service quite a number of strangers visit the Mother's room, fitted up for Mrs. Eddy when here from her home at Concord, New Hampshire. The apartment is furnished in white throughout, with dainty doorways leading to bath and toilet rooms at one side. The suite is the gift of the children of the Scientists, and the names of the donors are preserved in a little onyx beehive on one of the sills of the apartment.

SWORDFISH AS FOOD

ON OUR way from Boston we will be interested in

watching the landing of fish at the Tea Wharf. These are not the little fish of the middle seaboard, but gigantic fellows, two or three of which will fill a cart and form a load as heavy as a man is able to push. We ask a bystander about these wonderful fish, the like of which we had never seen.

"Why, them is swordfish," he explains, with a fisherman's usual disregard for grammar. They may be swordfish, but we see no sword, only huge bluish carcasses. On inquiry we find that the fish are being taken by derricks from some neighboring ships, having



LANDING SWORDFISH, BOSTON

been caught off the Georges Banks. The heavy, thick, black sword—with its oily excrescence—is removed at once, and the weight of the fish thus reduced to about two hundred and fifty or two hundred and seventy pounds. It is then brought here and sold to dealers who cut it into steaks, selling at from six to ten cents the pound, thus furnishing the poor with a substitute for the costlier pork.

The fishermen tell us that there are some seventy-five boats here at Boston engaged in sword fishing. The fish are located by their fins, which they keep just above the surface of the water. When one of these is sighted the vessel starts in pursuit and, when close enough, a man in the little platform, built out just over the prow, throws his harpoon and spears the monster, withdrawing the pole, but leaving the harpoon itself, with the rope attached, by means of which other men in the dories follow the fish and dispatch him. Occasionally, however, a swordfish will turn upon its pursuers, piercing the skiff with its great weapon of defense, and then the sailors must hasten to reach the big ship if they can. Hauled aboard, the head and tail and useless sword are thrown overboard and the remainder of the fish is then packed in ice until the return. On entering the harbors it is first cut in half, the entrails are removed and the remainder repacked in ice for shipment.

Other fish, cod and haddock, abound, but none interested us so much as the swordfish.

While we are in this vicinity if we are lucky we may see more of the shipping of Boston. Possibly it is near the season of King Edward's birthday and all the British ships will be floating their colors; or, some great coal strike may be on and the harbor will be filled with the dark, dismal hulks riding idly at anchor. Better luck still, the "Hanoverian," the largest ship entering the port, may be in her slip, and those of us who have never been aboard an ocean liner may inspect her, from the snug little cabins and dining

rooms, smoker and parlors, up to the captain's bridge and the "crow's nest" on the mast.

We can follow the line of docks by taking the cars marked "East Boston,"—ever in the shadow of the "elevated road." We shall see the Jamaica boats unload green bananas and other fruit; the fish stores and the lobster depots, the quays for the steamers from the Kennebec and Merrimac Rivers, and arrive at the ferry operated by the city, charging only one-cent fare—enough to prevent people riding back and forth just for fun. We may cross, if we will, and obtain a view of the water-front.

Returning, we may stop off at almost any point in this vicinity, and walking inland see another phase of Boston life—that of the lowly.



FISHING SMACKS, BOSTON

SALEM STREET AND THE GHETTO

WE remember hearing the Harvard "boys" sing the song of "Old Solomon Levi," the mysterious

"uncle" who will let you pawn anything with him to raise money, and whose "home is Salem Street." Salem Street is in the "ghetto" and tenement district, and we find a short walk through that quarter interesting for the typical Jewish and other foreign types it affords. The poor sit out, under second-hand clothing and among old stoves that encumber the pavement, chattering away and trying to induce the passer to buy. Down in this section is the famous "Boston stone,"—once a painter's mill—a ball of stone cut in half and placed in a wall as a land-mark in 1738 or earlier.

We feel by this time that we have seen everything in Boston itself that is worth seeing, and after the days in the city we long for a breath of the salt sea air. Is there not some place to which we can flee, worth seeing, yet where we can rest before resuming our *Little Journey*?

WINTHROP, A SUMMER TOWN

WE SCAN the map and notice a spot marked Winthrop, on the bay. Thither we go to see the typical summer suburb of Boston.

Not that Winthrop is a part of the metropolis; far from it. It is a town unto itself, holding its own town meetings, having its own town hall and town library and constable. But all the inhabitants of Winthrop that do not take summer boarders from Boston are Bostonians; it is therefore a typical summer colony. We shall enjoy the long avenues lined with the tall New England elms and maples that stretch in endless vistas to the sea, the hotels with broad verandas, the

cottages, and most of all watching the children at play.

How do our little New England cousins spend the days at the seaside on the coast of Massachusetts? Those of us who have been to the New Jersey coast or at Old Point and the south will picture them digging in the sand and hunting shells, but the Massachu-

setts coast is too rugged for such sport.

Instead of sand tremendous boulders rise up, and instead of pretty shells only the deep-blue clam shell and the mussel spouting its little stream will be found in the few



BY THE SEA, WINTHROP

spots of sand between the boulders. So the children build great forts of rocks which they can batter with smaller boulders without fear of injuring the defenders; and when the temperature of the water rises to sixty or seventy degrees, which is warm, they bathe or carry out to sea little home-made sail boats for the tide to carry back; now and then they will harness one of the clumsy horseshoe crabs to these and make him

propel their craft. Again there will be diving feats from the spring-board for the boys, while little sisters bring their dolls or their beads to string and look on. Follow-my-leader will be played, and "chase", "hie spy" and other games that New England first gave the nation; when they tire of this children walk down to the town library and borrow a book to read



A DAY OF REST, WINTHROP

in the hammock on the piazza, while their mothers do likewise or possibly embroider or chat with a cottage neighbor; and their fathers—well, for the most part, they are at work in Boston.

Some of the young folk are quite enthusiastic about the study of natural history, and while their comrades are off picking cherries, or wading, or watching the officers at games of ball in the fort nearby, they will be searching the beach for jelly-fish to preserve in alcohol, or for rocks covered with barnacles, clumps of lichen-like sea weed and tiny shells found best at low tide, when the Back Bay is a great meadow of

black ooze, slightly tinged with green by the sea weed. Women go out with little pails to dig for the clams.

Now and then contests will be arranged for young and old, and then there are walks out on a greased mast set sidewise, to a flag at the end, the contestants arrayed in bathing suits so that it does not matter much if they tumble into old ocean or not; swimming contests where the New Englanders keep their heads just above the water's surface and the feet just beneath it; fancy swimming, including turning somersaults in the water and rolling over in a barrel; tub races, bearing the pail out to the goal, the dapper swimmers then getting into the tub and riding back, using the arms for oars, and other similar contests.

CAMBRIDGE AND "FAIR HARVARD"

OUR next meandering will be towards Cambridge, the suburb famed chiefly for the great university founded by John Harvard three centuries ago. From Boston to Cambridge is no far cry—you remember we came to the Charles one day on one of our Boston pilgrimages and only refrained from crossing because we did not care to begin with another town until we had completed Boston.

We will go by the street cars to the same point, crossing the Charles on a bridge which spans the original crossing of which the poet wrote: "I stood on the bridge at midnight," into good little Cambridge, the town in which, the people say, no drop of liquor has been sold for nearly fifteen years. On one hand there is a great cracker bakery consuming some

five hundred pounds of flour a day and turning out not less than fifteen hundred barrels of crackers; on the other are amusement grounds and a large condensed milk plant. On a side street is the telescope manufactory of the famous Alvin Clarke, and such of us as are scientifically inclined may visit this place. Visitors, however, unless astronomers, are not encouraged, and the most we can hope to see is the men polishing huge lenses resembling large plates of glass, and setting these in position with innumerable brass fittings.

Already we are catching glimpses of the college life of Harvard. Here on one hand is Beck Hall, a dormitory for out-of-town students. Over yonder is the home of President Eliot, the head of the university. Farther on is a common, a great old park surrounded by walls of the narrow bricks so dear to New England, broken by handsome memorial gates; these were donated by different classes twenty-five years after graduation and others. Surrounded by these buildings is the park or "Quad," as it is called (an abbreviation for quadrangle), upon which the older brick structures, with the multi-partite windows, face. How to keep the names straight, distinct, and remember which is which, is sorely puzzling. On one side is the President's house; on another the Colonial Club. At the corner is Agassiz's home, built for him by the university, in which he lived constantly during his later years. The guides point out the New Church Theological School—the former home of President Jared Sparks. The names have been so long familiar to us, we try as best we can to individualize and be able to recall each place shown. Now we are at the

west gate of the grounds, built in 1890 with a bequest of ten thousand dollars left by one Samuel Johnstone; it is surmounted by an iron cross over the central portal. On the pillars at the sides is inscribed the fact that on October 28, 1636, the Massachusetts "General Court," as the legislature was termed, agreed to give four hundred pounds to found a college at New-Towne (Cambridge), of which two hundred pounds would be paid down and two hundred on the completion of the edifice.

Then on May 2, 1638, the order came to change the name of the town to Cambridge, and on May 15, 1638, it was decreed that the college should be named after John Harvard.

Ascending the "Quad," we find the old Wadsworth House, broad and deep, with gambrel roof, dormer windows and a distinctly colonial air; built in 1726, it was for a hundred and twenty-three years the home of the presidents of the university, and here at one time Washington had his headquarters. Beyond is Dana Hall, the law school of the college until Austin Hall was built, and now used by the Harvard Co-operative Society, of which practically all the students are members, and whose object is to sell books and supplies almost at cost. Other old dormitories there are Gray Hall, Matthews' Hall and Massachusetts Hall, recalling the delightful college tales we have read. The student guides tell of their famous occupants—William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Robert T. Paine, his colleague on that document, Vice President Gerry, our first minister to Russia, Francis Dana, Judge

Story, of the Supreme Court, Admiral Davis, Samuel Gilman, the author of "Fair Harvard", Bancroft, Brooks, and a host of others. To the left are still other halls bearing venerable dates—Harvard (1765), and Hollis (1763), Stoughton (1805), and Holworthy (1812). Holden Chapel was built in 1744; across the way are Boylston and Gore Halls, the latter with a



OLD DORMITORY AT HARVARD

library of four hundred thousand volumes. Then come Wild Hall, a dormitory, University Hall, Seaver Hall, boasting the finest recitation room on the grounds, Appleton Chapel, and Thayer Hall, the latter

another home for students. At the end of all these begin the museums; first a Semitic Museum and then the Fogg Art Museum close to the north gate, another handsome gift portal. In the park is the mythical statue of John Harvard, seated in his chair. Strange as it may seem, no actual portrait of Harvard survives, and so the sculptor has portrayed him as he might have been. Harvard's statue is the scene of many student

pranks, a favorite one being to crown the statue with a pan.

HOW THE STUDENTS DINE

BEHIND the Harvard statue rises Memorial Hall, one of the handsomest buildings at Harvard—resembling an open, two-story feudal hall, with tablets of Harvard soldiers at

the side.

Memorial Hall

was erected

in 1873-6 in

memory of

these warriors,

and serves as

the college

dining room.

Great rows of

plain bare

tables and

chairs extend

down the

hall, and

here students

are furnished their meals at the fixed rate of four dollars a week. When the food is not up to

standard, custom requires that everyone rattle his plates; this is done with much vigor and a terrific

noise ensues. The portraits of Copley and Stuart and busts of college benefactors adorn the hall, which

is lighted by magnificent purple stained windows set with civic seals.



STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD

In this building, likewise, is Sanders Theater, which will seat fifteen hundred persons, but is too small when the great commencement exercises are held.

By way of the McKean Gate we pass the old "roost" or lounging place of the students, and come to the Indian College, to which seminary only three red men ever came, and of those three but one remained to graduate, so that it has been converted into a dormitory. It is interesting to note that in this building the second printing press in the United States was set up, and upon it was printed John Eliot's Indian Bible, a book which probably no one is able to read to-day.

STUDENT PRANKS

ALL THESE sites are associated with student escapades. To the Quadrangle, for example, on "Bloody Monday" the freshmen, having first listened to an address from the President of the college, repair for a tussle with the sophomores, and the beautiful elms overlooking the scene witness some lively fighting. Nearby are the Divinity School buildings, and on the common stands an elm beneath which young ministers are "ordained" by their class-mates—an ordination that is far from sober, we may be sure.

We are now in more modern Harvard, and to right and left stretch long, new buildings, containing the Peabody Museum of Archæology, the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, or Botany and Mineralogy, and the Jefferson Physical Laboratory. A little further is the Law School, then the Lawrence Scientific School, the Hemenway Gymnasium and the Phillips

Brooks' house, in which religious societies now meet. Across the street is Radcliffe College, the woman's department of Harvard, with its dormitories.

A turn of the avenue and we come suddenly again upon old Harvard, the University Hall—the "center" of Harvard, in which the college president and printer had their offices, and at the foot of whose steps, even to-day, distinguished guests are received. Occasionally the men from some rival university will succeed during the night in painting one of the college buildings with their colors; but University Hall is seldom, if ever, so desecrated. The roof of Harvard Hall is especially interesting; the material of the former one was lead, and was melted into bullets to fight the British at Bunker Hill; on this roof, too, stood the bell which summoned the students to class. A favorite prank was to fill the bell with tar or tie a live turkey to its clappers. Massachusetts Hall, in which the history classes now meet, formerly had a third story, and was then fitted with fire escapes, down which the "boys" came at night for their nocturnal hazings.

We emerge through the ten thousand dollar memorial gate, and now bidding adieu to the University we proceed to the First Parish Church (in whose predecessor the first Provincial Congress met) and its neighbor, Christ Church, the oldest house of worship in Cambridge (erected in 1761). In this latter the poet Emerson read his first poem in public, and here it was that the organ was melted to supply bullets to fight the British. In the crypt of this church the Vassal family is buried; the tomb was finally sealed as late as 1865, when ten coffins had been interred.

Between the two churches is the cemetery with the graves of the early settlers and presidents of the University. Major-General Gookin, collaborator on the old Indian Bibles, Stephen Daye, who set up that first printing press, and three of the Concord minute-men lie here.

THE WASHINGTON ELM

WE COME now, however, to something of even more historic interest than these—the famous Cambridge elm, beneath which, on July 3, 1775, the first President took command of the troops. The elm today appears to be dying, and it is with sadness that we take a final look at it before passing on to another elm on which Washington first unfurled the American flag. A flag-staff now serves to commemorate the fact.

Half a mile away on Soldiers Field, where the athletic contests are held, there is another larger flag-staff, upon which the students have been known to hoist a human skeleton from the medical college at about mid-night or one in the morning.

Taking our way between the Gymnasium and the Normal School, past them to Hollis, where prayers for the college are offered, and the old warehouse in which the Battle of Bunker Hill was planned, we come to the class-tree of the university; an innocent enough looking tree, upon which half as many bouquets as there are graduates are firmly bound on tree day. The seniors have to scramble in order to get one. Stoughton Hall, where students now have rooms, is interesting as having been built in 1805 from the proceeds of a lottery. Notwithstanding this, such estimable men as

Edward Everett Hale, Chas. W. Sumner and Oliver Wendell Holmes have stopped here. In Holworthy Hall, by the way, La Fayette, King Edward and the Grand Duke Alexis have stayed. In this same locality stands the "Rebellion Tree," marking the site of a spring which some one mysteriously dynamited, thus effectually abolishing the custom of dipping unpopular students into it. Beyond is the Stone Art Museum, a building nearly resembling a band-box; one night the students aptly painted on its sides "Prof. ——'s band-box," giving the name of an unpopular instructor. There is a little church near by which students formerly were compelled to attend, refusal to do so causing the culprit to be expelled from the university.

THE MUSEUMS

BY WAY of the Lawrence School, where Agassiz taught, we enter the zöological museum, in whose huge glass cases almost every animal known to man is placed and classed according to its position in the scientific scale of life; especially interesting to us is a huge whale, the edges of whose mouth are fringed inside with bristles and rows of what is called whale-bone. The whale could take into its vast jaws a whole school of fish, allow the water to strain through the fringe of whale-bone, and then swallow the remaining mass. In the adjoining Botanic Museum we are so fascinated by the wonderful glass flowers, fashioned in exact resemblance of their natural colors and shapes, each flower accompanied by its leaf and seeds, that we cannot leave until forced by the closing of the museums.

We are now so near we may as well visit the Soldiers' Field on the common; it is fenced with cannon taken by Ethan Allen at Crown Point in 1775. The story goes that the following year Washington sent General Knox with ox-teams to get these cannon,



MUSEUMS AT HARVARD, CAMBRIDGE

and that they were afterward used by the Americans on Dorchester Heights.

Passing a church with a rooster-vane ornamenting its spire, and the playhouse of Radcliffe—interesting for its connection with Helen Kellar, the

blind, deaf and dumb girl who completed the four years' course in three—we cross a road, and proceeding about one mile, come to a neat cottage, the home of John Fisher, the "Village Blacksmith" of Longfellow's poem; and then, with but a peep at the Observatory and St. John's Theological School, come out on Tory Row.

TORY ROW

TORY Row derives its name from the great estates owned here by the Tories in the pre-revolutionary

days. During the war they became refugees and the Provincial Government confiscated the land. Of the number, the Longfellow, Vassal, and Lowell houses remain; the former was once Washington's headquarters when at Cambridge, and later Cragie, Edward Everett and

Jared Sparks lived there; from 1835 to the time of his death it was the home of the poet Longfellow, whose unmarried daughter, Alice, now occupies it. It is a yellow-painted frame house with



LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE

a portico before the central doorway, and magnificent park-like grounds surrounding it. Over the way stretches a rather flat Longfellow Memorial Park, across which one could formerly look over marshes to the Charles River. Near by, the two married daughters of the poet live, and the nine grand-children make merry on the old lawns. Beyond is the Lechmere house, occupied by one of the generals during the Revolution, and the Lee house, dating from the time of Charles II, while at the end of Tory Row stands

Elmwood, built in 1760 by Lieut.-Gov. Oliver, but famous as the home of James Russell Lowell.

THE COLLECTIONS AT CAMBRIDGE

THIS, however, is only our first inspection of Cambridge. We shall have to come again if only to look through the museums more thoroughly. The Peabody Museum especially has much to interest us in the endless series of cases surrounding the walls and running down the center and about the balconies of its great apartments. Indian relics of every sort; remains of the mound-builders, as to whom authorities are undecided whether they were the ancestors of the Red Man or a race that has disappeared utterly; arrows, scrapers and pottery of pre-historic tribes are here by the hundreds. Beyond are samples of the work of the modern Indian, arranged according to tribes, and comprising basket-work, costumes, head-dresses, pipes and canoes. A suit completely covered over with small turtle shells especially arrests our attention. Rattles of gourds, boards to which the papoose is strapped; yellow cloaks covered over with long ermine tails, possibly for the papoose of a chieftain; buffalo skulls painted with the hieroglyphics and stuffed with what seems to be a lichen; totems and arrow work—there is no end to these things. Still farther on are relics of the ancient French cliff-dwellers, and we are surprised to find on some of these the form of an elephant, carved upon ivory, showing them to have had knowledge of this animal or of his relative the mastodon. Other curious things abound. There are statues from old Assyria, robbed of their heads by

invading armies; Turkish curiosities; tiny Arabic rolls that were the precursors of books; water bottles of goat skin; mummies and mummy-cases from Egypt; little amulets placed with the dead as ornament and safeguards, and, remains from Greece and Rome, which seem almost modern by contrast.

Up stairs are the Peruvian mummies, quite a number with the long, flowing hair still perfectly preserved, and one, at least, sewn in a bag of sack-cloth, bound with a netting of ropes. In contrast to these rather somber objects is a head-dress from a South American tribe, composed of the feathers of gorgeous-hued birds, probably the most brilliant form of headgear in existence. It is hard to say what the Peabody Museum does not contain in connection with primitive and half-civilized peoples. Aztec, Aleut, Eskimo peasant, Japanese, Fiji, and African all have their manners of life portrayed. Dancing dolls of copper from the Malay Islands, huge, painted masks of wood from New Guinea, immense spears with fishes' teeth set along the sides like thorns of a whip, from Micronesia, and strikingly grotesque open-work wooden dolls from Arizona, are but a few of the things we are able to jot down.

We pass on to the great General Museum of Harvard—an immense four-story building containing classrooms, laboratories, professors' studies and, in addition, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, with its endless array of cases of stuffed animals. We can only summarize what we see and say that the entire natural history seems represented; there are, however, some exceptional specimens we cannot omit noting. Most

interesting of these are the extinct varieties—the Irish elk, with whom early man had his troubles; an egg of the auk, an extinct bird, its egg so rare as to be worth more than its weight in gold; the mastodon, and the gigantic *elepus ganesa* of India; great sloths and huge extinct armadillos. Equally interesting, too, are the collections of the bones of animals, demonstrating just where they differ and where they resemble each other, forming the basis of the scientific presumption that all animal life originated from one species. One thing we will be disappointed in on our visit to the Harvard museums generally, and that is that not all the museums are open on the same day, so that we must come on different days in order to see them all. To-day for example, the Geological and Entomological departments are closed, and so we climb the stairs to the third floor of the building where there are more skeletons and still more stuffed animals. A room devoted to sea-weeds and corals interests us greatly, but not so much as the aggregation of birds just beyond. Fish of every size up to a gigantic whale keep company on these shelves. As great a curiosity as any we have seen is the narwhal, with its one thick bludgeon-like tusk.

Nor is animal nature alone of interest. Adjoining this museum is that devoted to botany, where are kept the wonderful glass flowers at which we had a peep before, but which we now inspect carefully. Rare orchids, cacti and common wild flowers by the score are here assembled. We would fain linger, but there is still another section, the Geological Department, which we now find unlocked and we must at

least see the fac-similes of the great diamonds, the curious stone "stibinite"—which resembles a pencil of black glass—and some of the rarer minerals before passing on. We note a peculiar tube, formed by lightning fusing sand together, also petrified woods, and especially the agates—one variety known as Smithsonite is of an indescribably pretty green color.

At last we bid the natural history museum adieu and cross over to the Fogg Art Museum, a stone building in which statuary and paintings, old Japanese



ONE OF THE MEMORIAL GATES, HARVARD

ware, and photographs are preserved for inspection of the visitors. Two original paintings by Turner are here. There is a most interesting collection of photographs of the great statues of Germany, presented by the Emperor William, in 1902. Casts are being made of these which are also to be given to the university.

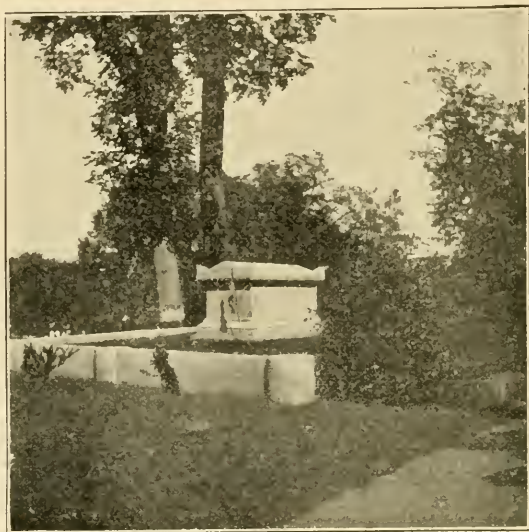
On our way back to the Cambridge town "center" we notice that signs to trespassers are rather different from what they are in other parts of the country.

"This is a private way. Dangerous passing," is the way Massachusetts folk phrase the notice. We also catch sight of another distinctive feature of life about Boston on the porches of tenements. This is what seems at first to be a giant umbrella divested of its cloth covering and turned inside out by the wind. These revolving frames are the clothes-hangers of the locality, and are most popular with the housewives.

MT. AUBURN CEMETERY

WE CANNOT quit Cambridge without having visited Mt. Auburn, the world-famous cemetery of New England. The entrance recalls that of Pere La Chase in Paris, which we visited on another *Little Journey*. We are requested to leave our kodaks at the gate; we then take a guide and pass into the grounds themselves. The graves, we notice, are not elevated mounds but level with the sod, and each lot is marked by stone flankings. Of course we go first to the grave of Longfellow, a stone block with a rounded coping at each end set on the crest of a hill, grass all around, and the single word "Longfellow" cut into one side of the plinth. All members of the poet's family, excepting his wife, lie here. Rambling down to the foot of the hill we come upon two small gray slabs, where Lowell and his daughter, Mabel, lie buried. One of this author's wives, we are told, is buried in the same grave with him, for Mt. Auburn is becoming densely populated and already they bury two and even three deep. A few feet beyond, with a butterfly and an oak twig cut on the monument, is the monument to the father of modern history, John Motley. Mr. Motley

is not buried here, but as is the case with President Grant on his family lot at Cincinnati, his epitaph has been cut here just the same. The road then leads on, by a pretty pond, to the resting places of Francis Parkman and Henry Durant, the founder of Wellesley, and thence to a small stone under an oak tree where Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife lie. The monuments over the graves of Martin, the discoverer of anæsthesia, and Charlotte Cushman were erected by citizens of Boston. But it was Holmes' wish that only a small stone mark his tomb and this request has been obeyed.



LONGFELLOW'S GRAVE, MOUNT AUBURN

Passing up hill among the older vaults and some lots fenced with railings, the flower beds are especially pretty where they edge the red-stone roadways, we note a curious epitaph saying: "Ring the bell, watchman!" We cast a hasty glance at a handsome tomb in the Greek style being erected by the family of a wealthy dry goods merchant of Boston, and at the red-marble

block over Everett Hale's grave. Near where the great piano manufacturer, Chickering, is buried, we learn that we are no longer in Mt. Auburn but in Watertown, and that Mt. Auburn Cemetery is in a village of that name and not in Cambridge, as we supposed.

There are so many famous people buried here we can scarce do more than glance at their epitaphs—Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the writer, Edwin Booth, Rufus Choate, Eldridge, the founder of the New York Ledger, Fannie Fern, whose grave bears a cross of stone covered with a decoration of fern-fronds; Agassiz's grave will particularly interest us, a huge boulder of rough granite has been brought from the Aar glacier in Switzerland, to serve as his monument; Phillips Brooks, and Boroditch, the geographer, are likewise here. There is a pretty crematory of green stone with five small spires.

Leaving the cemetery we are again at Tory Row, near Elmwood, the home of Lowell. Elmwood reminds us greatly of Longfellow's home—a yellow painted three-story frame house, rather plain, with portico in the center before the door and a railing upon the roof. A row of elms shades the low fence and the lilacs that bar admittance to the place from the road.

A wandering lecturer is to speak at our hotel to-night, and as evening is setting in we must now hurry home.

One more pilgrimage we will make to Cambridge before we leave New England, to witness the annual exhibition of the gymnastic class of the university summer school in Hemenway Gymnasium. It will be

a splendid opportunity for us to examine the magnificent equipment of this institution, to study a Harvard audience, and to see the *real* Harvard students at their class work. The men we find appear in short gymnasium suits, the women in black bloomers. There will be boat races in imitation boats rowed across the floor, exercises

on parallel and horizontal bars, a race between two chains of men each trying to catch and yet not be caught by the others, and the women students will have a lively game of "drop-the-handker-

chief," tossing balls, swinging Indian clubs, and give exhibitions of the latest fancy dancing. After that there will be pyramids and tumbling, the performance concluding about half-past five.



ELMWOOD LOWELL'S HOME. CAMBRIDGE

RADCLIFFE

THE audience, the largest part of which is composed of students, including several Japanese, scatters immediately. If we follow some of them we will again

pass the old cemetery in the heart of Cambridge, with slate slabs and an eighteenth century mile-stone; then continue toward the Soldiers' monument in the park, crowned by a private's statue guarded by two old cannon, and so, by way of the common and the Washington elm, reach Radcliffe, where young ladies pursue their studies. Radcliffe is practically the woman's annex to Harvard; the instruction is largely by Harvard professors. Little lawns stretch among its buildings and tablets mark historic spots—among others the birth-place of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The great elms here again excite our admiration, but we note with regret that many are being cut down. A passing gardener explains the necessity for this—a pestilent insect known as the elm-tree borer gets into the trees and destroys them so rapidly that there is nothing to be done but cut them down, and so prevent further spread of the insects. Everywhere in this locality fine trees are being wound with strips of black cloth as protection against this death-dealing insect.

Most of the students, however, make their way to what is known as the Riverside Recreating Grounds, where innumerable club houses are built amid grand old forests on the banks of the Charles. We enter one of these, the Bachelor's Club, and enter a cozy room lined with couches and divans; the walls decorated with posters, oars and sportsmen's caps—everywhere is an accumulation of handsome, ornamental pillows. Giving the attendants the order to take out his canoe, our member-friend goes to the locker and secures the paddles and a bounteous armful of fancy pillows, and we go for a lazy drift on the river. One of the Rad-

cliffe girls sits in the stern and paddles, the young men lounging at the other end of the boat, playing the mandolin or banjo, singing boat and college songs or perhaps operating a little graphophone which supplies the music; the canoe is brought into mid-stream and then allowed to drift idly as it will. Now and then the paddles will be pushed into the black, swift water, that we may ride up or down stream or get in among the overhanging branches where, stretched full length of the canoe, the Cambridge man feels he comes as near to perfect bliss as this world will ever allow. Other canoes, of course, are all about—one may rent them for thirty cents an hour—and their varied colors, red, yellow or blue, and fanciful names, make the scene one never to be forgotten. Kodaks and candy are plentiful among the paddlers, and good fellowship is everywhere manifest.

OVER THE ROUTE OF PAUL REVERE

WE HAVE now “done” Boston and vicinity thoroughly enough to satisfy the most painstaking sight-seer. We, however, wish now to see other parts of New England, especially, being patriotic Americans, to tramp over more of the battle-grounds of the Revolution. Above all we would retrace the route of Paul Revere when he made his memorable ride that 18th of April, 1775. The starting point on this jaunt is, we learn, the Charlestown City Hall; but we do not care to visit Charlestown just at present, reserving that city for the time when we shall go in a different direction. Instead we will cut 'cross-country and so strike Revere's pathway before it enters Lexington.

To do this we return to Harvard Square at Cambridge. Here electric cars await, and we speed on to Arlington and as far as Concord. Rather delightful method of traveling, isn't it, compared to taking to horse and dashing down a sultry Middlesex turn-pike? We wonder what Paul Revere would say, could he come back and make a trip in this manner. We fly past the church and the Common, with its ubiquitous Soldiers' monument, the pretty tree-sheltered residences of Cambridge, and then out into a flat country very largely devoted to truck-gardens; reach Arlington Heights where, a tablet informs us, the Committee of Public Safety met, and just beyond whose inevitable soldiers' monument of to-day stood the home of John Warren; past the First Congregational Church, dated 1739, one of those typical white New England churches of which the poets delighted to write, with the graveyard just behind; on past the stores and small homes of Menotomy with the old boulder Robbins Springs Hotel, and then out at the terminus at a mile-stone—"seventeen miles from Lowell"—where we take another car.

It is hard to realize that all this land echoed and re-echoed to the footsteps of warriors little over a century and a quarter ago. We first pass through rolling country studded with cheap little frame houses, then come to fine suburban homes, and we are in Lexington, typically New England Lexington, with the great elms shading the road, and the white-steepled church on the Common almost hidden by their branches.

LEXINGTON'S FAMOUS COMMON WHERE THE
BATTLE WAS FOUGHT

WE LEAVE the cars at Lexington and cross at once to the Common, or, as people thereabouts are wont to call it, the "Green." A monument—the "Capt. Parker Memorial"—representing a soldier standing on an arch of boulders, enclosing a fountain, attracts our attention at the entrance. Not far behind a pulpit of stone is set marking the site of the first three meeting houses in the village—churches erected in 1692, 1703



PARKER FOUNTAIN, LEXINGTON

and 1794, respectively. Farther over on the Green are some cannon and a boulder, carved with a musket, marking the line of the minute men on the eventful 19th of April, 1775. Near the center of the little triangular green sward there is still another memorial; a rather tall sand-stone block enclosed by railings and almost hidden by ivy. On this a pompous epitaph is cut, recalling to all the world that the stone was erected one year before the close of the eighteenth

century by the town of Lexington to the memory of persons falling in the battle. About it are buried some of these victims, moved from their first resting place in 1833.

We cross the Common toward the church, and at the corner where the cars pass, are attracted by a quaint frame house with sloping roofs and ivied walls,



THE GREEN, LEXINGTON

set in an old-fashioned garden with phlox-bordered paths. This, we learn, was the old residence of Johnathan Harrington, who, wounded on the Common on the day of the battle, dragged himself home only to

fall dead at the feet of his wife. The old windows of the Harrington homestead are composed of many sections as if several windows were placed side by side, and afford a delightful view of the Green.

Sauntering along we pass the Buckman tavern, with trumpet vine over the doorway; the old hostelry is a private home and the smoke curling from the chimney in the center of its roof betokens an era of peace.

We do not linger at the town hall or among the sunny stores flanking the main street, down which Paul Revere "galloped into Lexington," but pass through a side street and climb a hill covered with scrubby locusts to the Old Belfry, from which the alarm of battle was rung, and which now stands on the knoll above the city, a silent memorial of the pre-revolutionary days. Just as we reach here the twelve o'clock bells sound in Lexington, and looking off over the fields, still divided by boulder fences as they were in the days of Hancock and Revere, it does not take a great stretch of imagination to fancy the scene as it was when the Belfry stood in the town and gave forth its warning. A tablet, almost hidden by trees, records the fact that the Belfry was erected in 1761, removed to the Common seven years afterward, rang the famous tocsin on April 19, 1775, and returned to this, its original home, in 1891.

Returning to the Common, we drink in the delightful play of lights and shadows on the quaint New England homes, with their gardens in front and vegetable patches behind, coming out upon the Hancock house, now a Revolutionary museum. Just at present the building is closed and so we content ourselves with looking through the windows at old cooking utensils (a great sausage-filler among the number), chairs and beds, and the like. We "snap" a picture of the house, and that we may distinguish it from the other historic spots in the village have a passer-by step into the foreground, for historic houses in and about Boston are very much alike as regards their exterior.

Our way then leads past the cemetery, with long

low vaults of brick cut into the hill, and we stop to sketch a great tablet serving practically as three tomb-stones, and bearing an angel's face upon each. Many of the Revolutionary soldiers are buried here and on the grave of each an American flag is kept fluttering.



BOULDER FENCES, LEXINGTON

The cemetery is a most interesting spot, with open country stretching to the wooded hills beyond, recalling to those of us who have read Mrs. Fayette Smith's delightful set of Juveniles, "The Jolly

Good Times" series, the prospects she describes in "old" New England. At one point on this burial hill there is a granite block erected by the town over the supposed grave of Capt. John Parker, the hero of the battle, who died September 17 of the same year; while in another corner lies one John Hastings, who, although taking a valiant part in the battle of Lexington, did not depart this life until the year 1830. Just beyond is a queer series of old slate markers, set in concentric circles about an open area.

H Y M N.

Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument,
April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard 'round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a native stone;
That memory may their deeds redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ON TOWARD CONCORD

AT ONE in the afternoon the traction leaves Lexington for Concord, and so must we. On our way to the car we stop to purchase a little guide-book, refreshing our memory of the history of the region. Meanwhile we are carried along a dusty country pike bordered with pastures and stone fences that tell the

story of how many boulders the poor New England husbandman must blast and dig from the soil before he can make it available for crops, and through pine woods to the Hamlet of Bedford. Here is the white church again, also the white town hall and white farm-houses surrounding the Common, where the few stores of the place are grouped. Here is, again, a wayside inn, but with a modern tennis court; we see some handsome homes, country residences probably of well-to-do Bostonians; and then we follow again in the footsteps of Paul Revere toward Concord-town.

As we speed on we have an opportunity of seeing the great Shady Hill nurseries, the largest in New England—sumachs and willows set in long rows stretching off in the distance on each side. Corn, clover, and asparagus are raised very largely in this locality too, and along the Concord River there are goodly orchards.

CONCORD

OF COURSE, on entering Concord, as on entering every other New England town, we are carried past the grave yard, Sleepy Hollow, and then on to the Soldiers' monument, an obelisk set in the "square" before the church. The hotel and the few stores face here; the place is as quiet as a town in Indiana. On Sundays it is even quieter, for then even the drug stores are closed.

If we are fortunate we will find other tourists about to "do" Concord, and so can cut down expenses by joining them in hiring a wagonette, or in the vernacular, "barge," and guide. While we are waiting we peep

over the wall at a curious tomb-stone, "designed by its color and durability to indicate the character of the occupant." Directly over the way, is the Wright tavern, still an inn, where Major Pitcairn was staying when at dinner he put his finger into his glass of ruby wine, and made the boast that in just such wise would he stir the Yankee blood—a vain boast, for he "it was that died." The building, dating from 1747, is still an inn, but the present building, of somber aspect, does not suggest Tory banquets.



WHARE MAJOR PITCAIRN MADE HIS BOAST

Of course the tavern faces the church, and there is a velvety lawn between, set with a tablet to tell the tale that in the old house of worship on this spot there met, on October 1, 1774, under the presidency of John Hancock, the first Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which prepared the way for the Revolution.

Our wagonette now drives up, and in company with congenial tourists we begin sight-seeing in what some

are pleased to call the "Most Historic Little Town in the World."

We have gone but a few yards down an avenue of ancient trees when the carriage halts, and the oldest house in the village is pointed out to us; it dates back to 1644. Modern shingling covers the original frame,



STATUE OF THE MINUTE MAN, CONCORD

except just over the door, where a bullet hole from the troublous times is preserved. The frame work of the building is set horizontally, which strikes us as rather odd.

Almost over the way on the left, is Hawthorne's

"Old Manse," set far back in a great garden, access to which is forbidden the sight-seer. The "Old Manse" itself is a low two-story cottage, blackened by weather and age; from the road the guide bids us observe that one may look directly through the house to the rear, whence the grandfather of the philosopher, Emerson, watched the battle of Concord.

We take the road to the battle-ground; there is a footpath on each side bordered by rows of trees, so

that the four great series of trunks form an avenue equalled only by the approach to the famous "Huis in Bosch," in Holland. Ahead stands the Battle Monument, and behind it the frame work of Old North Bridge. Just before crossing this bridge, which today looks much like any other frame bridge in New England, a slab is point-

ed out to us, among the pines, marking the graves of two English soldiers who fell in the encounter. At the other end of the bridge in the center of a circular roadway is the statue of the "Minuteman,"

inscribed with Emerson's famous poem, familiar to every American school-boy:

"By the rude bridge which arched the flood."

The whole vista is historic; on one side the river, on the other the house where the Americans formed for the battle, and beyond, the home of Major Buttrick, farther away the battle-fields, now smiling meadows and pastures.

It would seem that one cannot see a New England

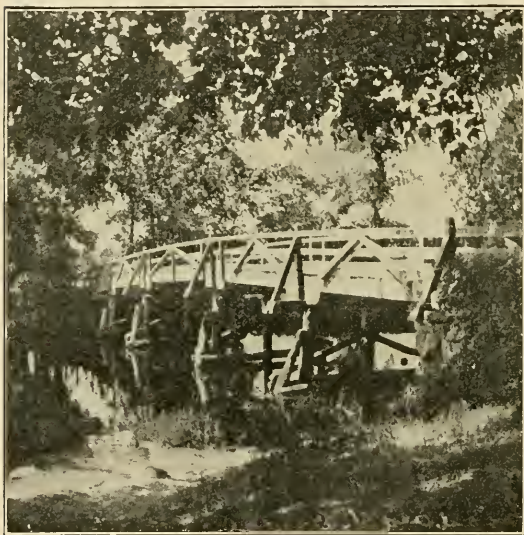


ROAD TO OLD NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD

town without seeing the graveyard, for hardly have we sated our eyes on this historic spot, when we wheel about, back almost to the heart of town, and on to Sleepy Hollow, the famous little cemetery nestling at the foot of an oak more than four hundred years of age.

SLEEPY HOLLOW

THE visit to Sleepy Hollow is as delightful as it is interesting; it skirts the edge of a hill overlooking



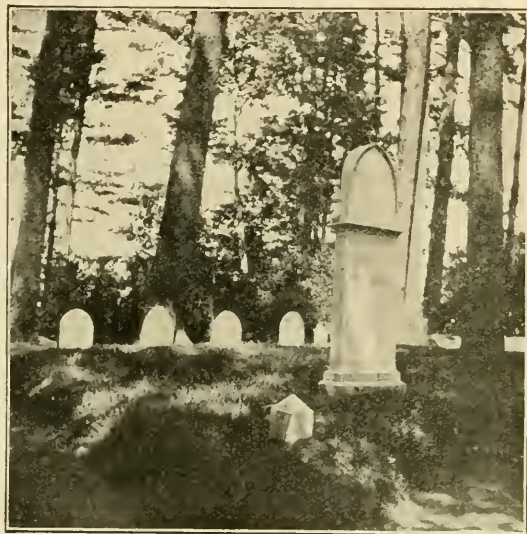
OLD NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD

the entire burying ground of to-day, where are the graves of several soldiers who fell in the Civil War, and continues into the older section. First a small tree-stump of marble with a vine trailing round it is

pointed out as the resting place of John Bull, the original cultivator of the famous Concord grape of which we are so fond; he produced it by experimenting with the wild grapes of the vicinity. Over the hill beneath a cedar, is Emerson's grave, marked by a block of rough pink quartz with a tablet of bronze

set in one side. Hawthorne lies in a corner nearly surrounded by a hedge of low arbor vitæ; there is no mound, only a small headstone marks his resting place. Thoreau, too, lies near, and it is but a step to the graves of the Alcotts; that of Louisa, the author of "Under the Lilacs," "Jo's Boys," and other stories is marked by a flag, Miss Alcott having served some time as an army nurse. Among the graves here is that of John Bridge Pratt who, if our guide be correct, was one of "Jo's boys." Not far away is buried Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, the founder of the kindergarten in America.

Returning to the wagonette after our ramble among the mounds, we are carried back once



LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S GRAVE, CONCORD

again to the Common and shown an obelisk to the soldiers of the Civil War, at whose dedication, the guide asserts, three generations of Emersons made remarks. A son of the philosopher, Dr. Edward Emerson, still lives in Concord village. We pass beneath a great elm on the Common, marking the spot where the whipping

post once stood, and come again to a cemetery here, simply, however, to read the curious epitaph of the slave John Jack, a native of Africa, who died in 1773, aged sixty years.

“God wills us free; man wills us slaves;

I will as God wills; God's will be done,”
the inscription opens, and then continues:—

“'Though he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave; ('though born in a land of slavery, he was born free), 'till by his honest, 'though stolen labors, he acquired the source of freedom.”

Passing into the Cambridge Pike, we are shown a



EMERSON'S GRAVE, CONCORD

row of old two-story frame buildings, all of which were standing during the Revolution, one of them now occupied by a local antiquarian society; and are then taken to Emerson's now modern home, a white frame

house, shaded in the front by two horse-chestnut trees, which were planted by the poet the year his daughter Ellen (who now resides in the house) was

born, and which still contains his study as he left it. Behind Emerson's place the corn fields stretch off to Margaret Fuller's school, but we prefer to ride on to the famous

School of Philosophy, a narrow barn-like frame building darkened by age, with which the Alcott name is so closely associated. Adjoining it is the deserted Alcott home, a yellow frame building



THE ELM TREE PEST

among larches and cedars set out by Hawthorne, and with the "Wayside" home of the author of the "Scarlet Letter," for neighbor. The "Wayside" especially interests us for its tower, which used to be reached by means of a trap-door, upon which Hawthorne would set his chair while he wrote, to prevent the intrusion of visitors. We recall Miss Alcott's accounts of the extremes to which "lion hunters" drove both herself and family, and so we can scarcely blame Mr. Hawthorne for securing his "coign of vantage." The "Wayside" was standing in Revolutionary days, but it has suffered many changes, among

the last being a great piazza added by its present incumbent, Margaret Sidney, the author of the "Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew." It was in a barn, a stone's throw from here, that the little theatricals described by Miss Alcott were held.

Continuing up this interesting road, we pass the home of Mr. Bull, a small white-washed frame house, and see, at one side, a square trellis, on which still twines an original stock of the "Concord" grape which he produced. Beyond some asparagus fields we reach Merriam's Corner, where the British were attacked by the men of Concord while retreating from Old North Bridge; it is still a typical country cross-road; Merriam's house is beyond.

Returning for a third time to the heart of Concord, we decide that time permits our going out to Walden Pond, the home of Thoreau at the time of his hermit existence.

WALDEN, HOME OF THE HERMIT THOREAU

ON OUR ride out of Concord we catch a glimpse of the pretty little public library, a gift to the town (as are so many of the New England libraries), also of the homes of Senator Hoar and of Jane Austin, and the last residence of the Alcotts in Concord; this latter now occupied by Mr. Frederick Pratt, a nephew of Louisa Alcott. Here, too, Thoreau lived, plying the trade of lead pencil maker, up to the time of his removal to Walden to live the life of a hermit. Beside the river, whence one may see the Old South Bridge over the Sudbury, Frank Sandman (to whose "Life of Thoreau" we refer when reading the naturalist's

works in the school room) lives, close to the former home of Channing, the divine.

We now take to the country; past old farms interspersed with handsome country places and golf links, we wind into and up through a dense old forest that recalls the wilds of Michigan and Wisconsin, up hill and down, without sign of human life or anything more animate than birds and squirrels, until we reach a higher crest and overlook little Lake Walden, nestling in these deep pine and maple forests. Even to-day there are no more permanent settlers on the shores of Walden Pond than a pic-nic party, and as we steal



SITE OF THOREAU'S CABIN, WALDEN

along the trail we come upon a pair of lovers, blushing deeply at being discovered enacting the "same old story," where they thought no soul would come. Almost on the shore of the lake in the wilderness stands a huge cairn of rocks, marking the site of Thoreau's cabin, and to this, as to some of the monuments in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, each visitor adds a rock. Huckle-

berries grow all about and delightful little trails wind into the forest, making us loath to leave.

A JAUNT TO LOWELL, THE TOWN OF MILLS AND LOOMS

ON THIS trip of ours northward across the "small" of eastern Massachusetts we have now seen every place of really great interest as far as the city of Lowell. We cannot miss an excursion to this city of mills and looms, and so return to Boston and prepare for the jaunt.

The ride is a comparatively short one by railway and the country not exceptionally interesting—vast tomato patches, hay fields, with tangled underbrush between, separate the towns from one another. Although Lowell is a city of over ten thousand people, we find that the only approach to a guide book to the town is a pamphlet of views, and this we take as our cicerone.

From our first moment in the place, however, we are not to be deceived, and realize that the tremendous cotton and woolen mills form the centers of interest. Every inch of the town, however remote, veritably reverberates with the whirring of spindles and the turning of wheels. Many of these mills are five or even six stories in height, and, not content with that, they stretch over three or four blocks of the city. Down near the depot there is a great patent medicine factory whose plant interests us for its magnitude. We pass down a street of cheap stores catering to the mill people, and enter a restaurant advertising a "New England Dinner." While good, the fare is rather plain, a single great platter of soup-meat, beets, boiled carrots, squash and mashed potatoes, from which we each, in turn, help ourselves, and to which is added a cup of coffee for each person.

We turn into another street, with a handsome church, and an old boulder house called "Ben Butler's home," and pass other squares frequented by Lucy Larcom many years ago, to the largest of the woolen mills, a huge institution; for several blocks we pass window after window through which girls are seen, tending and re-filling spindles on the looms. We ask to be shown through the place and then we find we have made a grievous blunder. Almost without exception the real controllers of the Lowell mills reside in Boston and have their offices there, and the plants themselves are put in charge of superintendents, known as "Factors." In every mill there are certain closely patented appliances which are secrets of the industry, but which an expert from a rival plant could readily detect and copy, and it would be well-nigh impossible for the competitor to become aware of the fact. Consequently, they are very wary of allowing strangers to go through the mills without orders from the heads of the firm. It is almost with envy, therefore, that we watch the two thousand three hundred odd employes file into a single mill at the end of the dinner-hour, while we must remain outside. After all, however, most of us have been through smaller mills, and would here find what to our lay eyes would seem the same things, simply multiplied many hundred fold.

Although Lowell is a typical factory town, it has its asphalt streets, its Common and, of course, its soldiers' monument. There is a plain little City Hall, and then we come to another of the gigantic industries of the city, the carpet manufactories. These, however, are likewise closed to us, and like the fox and the grapes,

after looking long through the windows at the bobbins, passing back and forth among the tight-drawn cords of the loom, working in the gay-colored threads, we feel that, after all, it is again only what we have seen so often at home, but on a greatly magnified scale.

On our return to Boston we may have a twenty-seven mile ride by trolley, one of the prettiest trolley rides in Massachusetts—threading dense forests of pine and birch, oak and maple, with here and there a meadow or farm between the various villages. At Tewksbury, a delightful little hamlet, we catch sight of the State Poor-house, and at Woburn, another typical New England town, with its tall well-poles and gardens, the cars pass in sight of the birth-place of Count Rumford. Our companions on this long ride are two little country girls, probably twelve and fifteen years of age, and they are not yet used to riding by trolley. The motion makes them ill and, as we stop on a switch, they get out to rest. The longer they rest the worse they feel, and before they are quite aware the car has started off without them. We are in the heart of a lonely wilderness and cars here are half an hour apart, so that as soon as the fact is discovered we stop and wait while they run about an eighth of a mile to catch up. It gives us an example of the much mooted courtesy of New England conductors.

At Woburn Center we see an inn standing where one has stood since 1631, and where three tall churches face on the same square. Then the ride becomes metropolitan, carrying us to the great depot at the end of Boston's elevated railway system, where the overhead cars await to start for "all points."

SOUTHWARD TO WELLESLEY COLLEGE

WE WILL continue our *Little Journey* in a southerly direction, making an excursion to Wellesley College. In order to save time we will go by rail to Natick, a typical Massachusetts town, with the little general stores clustering about a common, where there is the invariable soldiers' monument, surrounded by four cannon and shaded by an elm planted by ex-Vice President Wilson, a native of the

place. From here we will go by traction to Wellesley village itself, in order to see a bit of New England turn-pike, with the alder and lenum and wild roses, the oak and sumach thickets, and, incidently to



BUILDINGS AT WELLESLEY

catch sight of Waban Lake, where the college boat races are held.

A neat little lodge, of colored boulders, marks the entrance to the college grounds, and from it a lane leads, up hill and down, through the forests and across the lawns into the wood, in sight of the Charles and out at a little stone observatory, equipped for university pur-

poses. Close beside is a neat black and white Swiss cottage, where the girls present their Shaksperian plays, while further up the knoll, among the trees, stands the main college building—a four-story brick structure with a *porte-cochere* in the center, and long porches on which the maids, in “Dolly Varden” aprons, now lounge during the vacation days. We have come at a bad season of the year to see the college, for the “girls” are all away and the buildings are undergoing renovation, so that we see little more interesting than long lines of bed spreads airing in the sun.

If we circle about the center flower-bed and between the five great pillars supporting the balcony at either side, and enter the main corridor of Wellesley we shall see great wings stretching off on each side, with doors leading into two small reception rooms near the stairs, which alone are visible. Along these halls plain, old-fashioned doors give entrance to the usual college apartments—offices, class rooms, telephone room and dormitories, the latter with young ladies’ cards tacked to the doors. We may peep into the library; tables occupy the center and book cases line the walls on which are several good pictures. There are also rooms of the Christian Association, and on the upper floor, which has a view of the wooded Charles, are more sleeping rooms, each with its bed and bureau, the last named of the good old sort with mirror and two side drawers; a marble-topped wash-stand and electric lights. Everywhere are programs of class work, and under the rotunda, on the second floor, we notice a bulletin board with advertisements that give us a thrill of college spirit — advertisements of pictures of the Tree Day exercises for sale; of

the stamping of pillows with the college crest, to be embroidered by the young women, and the like.

Emerging and taking another lane between the Art Building and another brick building of colonial aspect, the road winds into the oak forest, past smaller houses, which we suppose to be residences of the faculty, we go down hill to the cars.

On our way back to Boston we glance at the catalogue of the college which has been presented to us by a friendly janitor. The academic year, we see, comprises thirty-five weeks, extending from the first Wednesday after the fourteenth of September till June. Botany, physics, zoology, economics and German, mathematics, geology, literature and art, as well as chemistry, music, history, Latin, Greek, pedagogy and French and study of the Bible are a part of the courses offered. In addition, girls may take up elocution, architecture or business methods. Wellesley is about thirty years old, having been founded in 1875, in "order to give women equal educational advantages with men." Although Wellesley is undenominational, a Christian life and daily morning prayers are enforced. Tuition costs just one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year, and with board this sum is raised to four hundred.

Meantime we have been riding down a magnificent avenue of elms, with handsome places, shaded by the great old trees, their porches overhung with the wistaria and the trumpet vine, on each side; while along the fences which separate these from apple orchards set to utilize the vacant lots, red lilies are blossoming. Faster and faster goes the car as we descend from Wellesley Hills, with its country stores, toward Charles River Park.

where we cross the river at one side of an old bridge, whose reflection is mirrored picturesquely in the black, swift water. At Newtonville we transfer to another of the innumerable traction railways for which New England is famous, and take in the Newtons, suburbs of Boston, which are quite attractive for their handsome gardens and homes. Here, as elsewhere in the vicinity of Boston, however, the lawns are marred by great umbrella-like wash-poles, that whirl round and round before the breeze, and so cause the laundry to dry quickly. Entering Boston itself we see innumerable rows of handsome homes, from which the tenants have gone away for the summer, and have followed the New England custom of completely boarding up doors and windows on the lower floor, and drawing the blinds on the upper.

UP THE COAST FROM BOSTON

HAVING now seen the more interesting portions of the interior of Massachusetts, northward, through Lexington, Concord, etc., to Lowell; and southward to the Newtons, Wellesley and Natick, we are ready for a jaunt northward along the coast itself, making a little *detour* to embrace Lynn, and then continuing up on our rugged Atlantic frontier.

LYNN, THE CITY OF SHOES

WE GO to Lynn to see practically one thing, just as we did to Lowell, and that is the exterior of the great factories. At Lynn, however, these mammoth plants are almost exclusively manufactories of shoes or of the hundred and one little incidentals that make up a

modern shoe. Our very first perspective of the city coming in from the marshes and summer resort district lying along the Bay, is a huge factory dedicated exclusively to extracting grease from leather. We take a long look at it, and then step aside to let a horse and buggy pass, its occupant a typical Yankee organ-grinder, who carries his street piano about in



SHOE FACTORIES IN LYNN

this way—a most comfortable mode of travel for himself and instrument. Then we note a sign of a “shoe-rag” factory, and we wonder what that may be. We ask some youngsters swimming in a nearby pond, but they fail to enlighten us. Office buildings of brick, and shoe factories seem to make up the whole of Lynn—these and little two-story homes where dwell the shoe-makers of to-day. Here and there will be an old house of the colonial style, and we note a cemetery with curious iron bars, bearing circlets of iron, on whose tops flags or floral crosses are placed. On the outskirts are rather pretty homes, with porches on

both second and ground floor, but with high flights of steps leading to the front door to which, consequently, there is no veranda attached. There are comparatively few trees along the streets of Lynn, and it is so sultry here that as the car comes along, labeled "Salem," we cannot resist the temptation to flee and begin our inspection of the City of Witches.

SALEM, THE CITY OF GAMES AND WITCHES

WE CONTINUE our way on the old Essex Road with its delightful country places and with the roadside glens, where gipsies love to camp at this season. It is not long, however, before the scattered frame dwellings and the immense yellow home of the State Normal School appear among the elms, which here line the streets, informing us that our destination is reached, and in another moment we pass some of the larger places, and then the shops and the railway depot (with tracks in the center of the street but far below its level), the quaint old town-hall and the post-office; a store built of brick, in the colonial style, with a coping of stone, the East India Bank, not a stone's throw from a curious old turreted gateway of stone, resembling the Gate of Elsinore, and we are in Salem.

We had come to Salem to see the witch city, but as we leave the car something of almost greater interest catches our eye, a sign-board indicating the offices of the largest game factory in the world. From Salem, and it may be said from the factories of this firm, situated some little distance outside the city, come all the ping-pong, the "Waterloo," the "authors" and almost every other game in which we delight—not less

than six hundred varieties of games being manufactured and sold here the year around. Of all these games the gentlemen in charge tell us that the most popular have been ping-pong, tiddly-winks and pillow-dex. Other games that boys and girls have been fondest of, in the past, were "battle-dore and shuttle-cock," the circus game (where there were little tents to set up), "Boer and Briton," "Chivalry" and "Waterloo." Then they show us a picture book composed of the covers of boxes for these games, from which pictures many, if not most of them, are sold. The first card game for children on record, we learn, was "Authors," invented here in Salem some seventy years ago—the descendants of the lady devising it still living in the town. The first croquet in the country, likewise, was made here; while from Salem there also came the



SALEM CUSTOM HOUSE

"Mansion of Happiness," the first board game in the land. On this board the pictures, from which the player moves, represent the rewards of virtue and the

results of vice, with an accompaniment of quaint little mottoes. This game came out in 1850, and was the most popular amusement for children until about 1875, when parchesi came in. Then, in 1892, "Pigs in Clover" had the "run" and afterward everybody played either Halma or tiddly-winks.

THE LAND OF HAWTHORNE

LEAVING the office of the game factory, and rounding the corner of an immense cotton mill, it is more than likely that one of the numerous school boys who act as guides during the summer, will espy us and volunteer to show us over Salem. He leads us first to a cheap, yellow painted frame house, now occupied by a Mrs. White, which was the birth-place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great author of Salem. A room in an upper corner on our left, is pointed out as the one where he was born; beyond a knife with the author's initials, found in the small stairs leading to the huge chimney, there are no mementoes of Hawthorne here; we pass on to Herbert Street, where the Hawthorne's went to live the fourth year of the author's life; Mr. Hawthorne, Sr., having died and the mother having resolved to make use of this building owned by her father, which adjoins the birth-place of her sons in the rear. In this dwelling the family remained about twenty-two years, and with it much of the life of Hawthorne is associated. To-day the place is a mere three-story frame building, with clothes-lines stretched across its veranda, and a great elm casting shadows from the corner of the yard.

It is not very far from here to the Custom House of

Salem, another two-story brick building painted yellow; it is almost square and has a portico surmounted by an eagle on the front. Visitors invariably step into this old Custom House to see the room in the lower corner, where Hawthorne worked while surveyor of the port, and where, at one of the great many arched windows, with the broad sills and ivy trailing up the sides, his desk is preserved. His official library of legal works, glass ink-stand, iron stencil, and one of his records, written in his fine, clear hand and signed with his autograph, dated "April 10, 1846," are also shown with his proof glass and a written copy of the "Scarlet

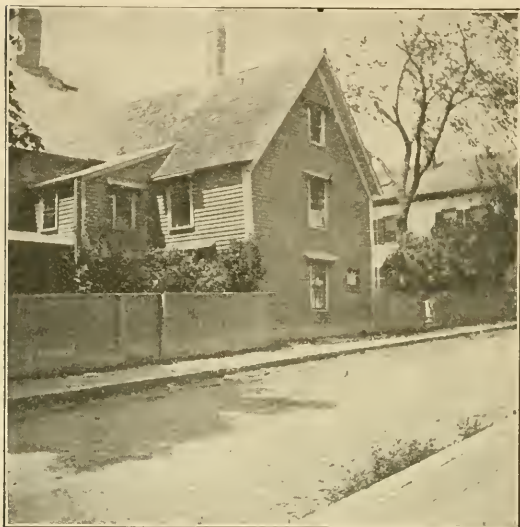


HOME OF HAWTHORNE, SALEM

Letter," containing the original signatures of the characters, each inserted on a separate slip where first mentioned.

Before leaving this book-laden chamber we are requested to sign our names in the visitors' register, making use for this purpose of a queer old white china inkwell with a copper lid.

Crossing the street to the old wharves, where the schooners that are still tied up beside the decaying docks recall the famous East India traffic (one of



HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES, SALEM

them boasting of having been around the world nine times), five large cotton mills appear, in strange contrast to these humble slips of the merchant men. We are led past the oldest brick house in the city and

down into Turner Street, to the original "House of the Seven Gables;" this also is of wood (Salem seems to be made up of frame houses) painted yellow; a little souvenir photograph store occupies one corner. All about the house is a neat garden; the topmost roof slants among fine old treetops to the second story, save at one corner, where a little wing runs off, thus forming five, not seven gables, as Hawthorne wrote.

They have turned the "House of Seven Gables," which is still a residence, to good account at Salem, and we must pay a quarter to go through it. First we enter the large, low chamber, now tinted blue with

much white paneling and with a wide old-fashioned grate. A tiny secret closet, where music is kept, and another shallow shell-shaped cupboard utilized for dishes, are thrown open to us, and we are also invited to try the broad window seats, of which there exists a specimen at every window in the house. Two pianos and a set of green upholstered chairs furnish this apartment. Beyond is the dining room, with a heavy beam across its ceiling, an oilcloth on the floor, and containing the chairs and tables of the present tenants. Here, in their day, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Holmes would often dine. Another dining room occupies the room where the penny-gingerbread men were sold, and a well-ornamented range stands on the spot occupied by the shop keeper, when semi-occasionally, he returned to the children the pennies with which they had come to buy cake. Delft wall paper, electric lights and a very modern sink have also been added to the old cake shop.

Dark stairs lead up into an immense bedroom with windows looking out on the garden, the sea, and the orchards; a double bed on each side, with room for a third between, seem to invite us to repose. There are steps going up or down from room to room throughout this curious dwelling, where but three families have lived since the Hawthornes. In one of the two rear chambers, into which the room where the children looked out at the "hand-organ man," has been divided, we perceive a boy's telegraph instrument, boxing gloves and a small iron bed, indicating a modern young tenant. If we choose we may go up under the eaves, now a sort of lumber room, the base boards full of protruding nails

and hand-hewn pegs marking the way into the old studio; old bird cages and chairs and other lumber are kept there now.

From the home of Hawthorne's heroes to that of Judge Endicott and then past the Southern Institute (the great school of the city) to the first church of Salem, is not a great distance. The little old "First Church" is now painted red and has but a single room; originally built in 1634, it is interesting as containing an old desk of Hawthorne's upon which he has scratched his name. It is furnished with tall, stiff-backed pews and ancient doors and settees.

THE WITCHES

WITH a glance at small, white "East India Hall," we pass on to the Charter Street Burying Ground, where the grandfather of Hawthorne, one of the "judges of the witches" lies buried. In a corner of this cemetery Giles and Mary Correy, two of the most famous "witches," are buried; small slabs of black slate stating that they "dyed in 1692." At Salem no witch was ever burned, but Giles Correy suffered the fearful torture of being pressed to death between two huge boulders. Hannah Shottuc, the first person to accuse another of being a witch, also lies here, with the date on her tombstone 1701, and the age just seventy-seven. Her victim, a Miss Bishop, was immediately hung as the result of this accusation. Elms and wilows hang sadly over the graves, casting their shadow alike on the resting places of the judges and of those they condemned to unmerited death. Nine witches in all are buried at Charter Street, the other victims of the

mania being interred on their farms or on Gallows Hill, where they met their fate. Charter Street Cemetery is exceedingly well-kept; we learn that a woman left a legacy to be spent on caring for it every day. Such care, however, is unnecessary, as the authorities have the place thoroughly gone over, every second morning.

After treating our little guide to a glass of soda water we proceed to the court house, passing into the offices of registry—lined on two sides with narrow steel cases each fitted with handles, containing the records of the town. Desks fill the remaining space, but in the center of the room, under a glass, is set, open, the record of the death sentence of a witch, with the sheriff's report of the execution, and a few crooked black pins, with which the witches were accused of



WHERE THE WITCHES ARE BURIED, SALEM

having pricked sundry children, inserted by way of evidence. We peep into the handsome court library, lined with books, and also into a deserted court-room.

Despite our aching limbs, we must visit the "witch house," passing on the way, the dwelling where La-Fayette stayed. The "witch-house" contains a small drug store; its "cellar" is level with the street; on the upper floor antiquities are sold. This place was Roger Williams' home in 1635-6; passing through the drug store we enter the chamber, now dark and littered with old cases for medicines, in which the witches were tried. Only an arch cut from the old chimney, seems by any probability, in its original state.

Our route then leads once more past the old Custom House and among the stores to a building on the site of which, in 1692, nineteen witches were executed; and where, the following year, twenty-one more met a like fate. This brings us back to the curious gateway over the railroad which is, in a sense, the portal to the city.

OLD HOME WEEK

IF WE are lucky enough to have come to Salem in the latter part of July we will find the town in gala dress; streamers, flags, and bunting cover every inch of available space; there will be small arches with the word "Welcome" erected over the principal thoroughfares, and on the streets boys sell souvenir trays and silver hearts bearing the name of the town—for this happens to be the particular season of Old Home Week at Salem. Old Home Week is a distinct New England custom, inaugurated many years ago. During these seven days, which vary in date with the different towns, but usually occur in July or August, every native of the city, no matter how far away he

may live, makes a point of returning on a visit to the old folks and friends, bringing presents and keepsakes, and experiencing a most pleasant home-coming.

Banquets, parades, speeches, fireworks and

boat races help to enliven Old Home Week, so that the seven days pass all too soon for the Yankees who have come from afar.



OLD HOME WEEK AT SALEM

TO BEVERLEY FARMS

IN FOLLOWING the coast methodically from Lynn and its outskirts, we should have visited Swampscott and then Marblehead, but it is far more convenient and satisfactory to cut across their little cape by trolley and visit the Witch City instead. Likewise, tired after our day's sight-seeing, we find we will do best to board another trolley and make the "inland jaunt" up along the coast to Beverley and Gloucester, so that when we wish to reach the Fish City for sight-seeing, pure and simple, we may save both time and strain by making

the trip by boat, without the regret of not knowing what the east shore itself affords.

It is but a short ride out of the gaily decorated Salem, across the fields of sweet clover, chamomile and mustard, and over a long bridge spanning the bay, into Beverley, a hamlet of cheap frame houses, famous for its vicinity to the "Farms" or country estates, one of which was owned by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Aside from the Home Week patriotism and the frame houses, there is nothing to be seen at Beverley town itself. The car continues through the farming country, each man's field divided from his neighbor's by stone fences, built of rocks collected from the soil, and dotted at intervals with quaint wind-mills built to resemble a wheel at the top of the tower. Farmers are at work gathering the sheaves, hoeing the kale or driving the cows homeward from the stony pastures. Here and there we ride through a village, or, as the New Englanders say, "center," with church and soldiers' monument, common, and burying-ground, and elms shading the road where the country stores stand. And so on and on to Gloucester.

We are not yet quite ready for Gloucester, and so return in the cool of evening as we came.

THE GREAT DRIVE TO MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA AND ANNASQUAM

HAVING reached our hotel, a friend at table asks about the day's trip. We tell him we have about completed the trolley route along the shore, and he smiles and says he hopes we don't think we are through with that portion of the country. We ask him why,

and then we learn that the most beautiful section of central New England lies just beyond, away from the trolley lines, and on the great coaching route to Manchester-by-the-Sea and beyond. It will hardly pay us to make this trip alone, and so we find other guests who are desirous of seeing that part of the Old Bay State, and arrange for the excursion.

From Boston we go by rail to Beverley once again. There we engage a landau for a long drive through the "coast country." Happy as we were the other day to happen to be here during Old Home Week, we are now in like degree disappointed, for at this season of the year every form of vehicle is pressed into service, so that it is long before a carriage can be found, and then gala day rates only obtain. As we ride out of Beverley we see the crowd on the Common watching the bicycle races, part of the Old Home Week festivities, then strike for the ocean, where a lighthouse is built on the point, and on into dense pine forests which, fringing the sea, make one of the most charming drives in the world. Magnificent summer homes, such as are built at Elberon, New Jersey, lie along the road, with broad lawns and shrubbery and their stone dividing walls fairly hidden beneath rows of blossoms. At one point we see some fishermen's cottages, but this is only an incident; again the handsome villas succeed, appearing in the forest at points where they are least expected. Paths lead still deeper into the wildwood to more of these, until it is difficult to decide just where Nature ends and man's domain begins.

Pride's Crossing is a little hamlet built in among these fashionable summer homes, and so law-abiding

is its community that our driver points out the town jail with the remark that never more than two prisoners at one time have been confined in the building.

Striking the railroad, with its handsome station—in keeping with the surrounding homes—we learn that we have been riding among the Beverley Farms, the finest “farms” in the world, and deserving the appellation only because of the virgin forests and the meadows maintained all about them. Just before reaching West Beach, a village of bath-houses and light-houses on the shore, a curious hedge, built of live saplings side by side, attracts our attention. Not far away stands a little frame house, whose owner was given ten thousand dollars to move the house across the road in order that the owner of one of the “farms” might complete its boundary by occupying the site where it had stood. Slightly smaller estates then succeed, with old-fashioned flowers flanking the vegetable gardens and in the adjoining orchards we observe each tree to be surrounded by a tin vessel containing tar, to arrest the creeping insects.

From village to village is a very easy transition on this drive, and ere long we are at Manchester-by-the-Sea, one of the great fashionable summer resorts of the coast. The town itself consists of a tall white church on the Common, an Odd Fellows hall, some stores and frame buildings; but all about are the handsome cottages of well-to-do summer residents. Among these cottages run private roads leading down to the singing sands on the inlet, where the sand is exceptionally deep and purrs gently as the bather rubs it. We are almost envious of the dwellers in this

restful spot, but still more so of the guests at the great hotels at Magnolia just beyond. Magnolia is another summer city for the ultra-fashionable, and it seems quite odd to find the most stylish carriages and automobiles of every sort whirling through what appear to be lanes in the forest extending from cottage to cottage. Some of these cottages are built on artificial bluffs right over the sea, with the verandas projecting so that one may look right down at the surf breaking almost upon the door steps. All about, on the encircling cliffs, summer hotels and homes are built, bidding the weary and tired stay and live but to enjoy. If we



A COTTAGE AT MAGNOLIA

so choose, we may indulge in a typical Magnolia Beach dinner in one of the great hotels on the bluff: but if we desire to continue our trip and cover the route laid out for the "grand drive" we are told that we will do better to dine in a simple wayside inn in the forest where the ceremonial requires much less time and also costs much less money. Later on, how-

ever, we shall probably doubt the wisdom of our choice, for the wayside inn charges a very high price for what it does offer, the service is poor and the general appearance of things most unappetizing.

Dismissing our carriage, we saunter down to the depot, tired and hungry, only to find that we have still half an hour to wait in the midst of the wildwood, without anything more entertaining to do than picking a few huckle-berries at the roadside. On the train, too, we find that New England travel is not without its complications, and we are reduced to taking the steam cars to Gloucester and then the tractions in order to reach Annasquam, another New England summer city. There, likewise, are hotels and cottages, beautiful but less pretentious than those of the more famous towns.

We have had a most interesting day of it, despite its little mishaps, and are now quite prepared for another section of the east shore:—namely, the curious old fishing town of Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER, A CITY OF FISH

IF THERE is one town more typical of its chief industry than any other in New England, it is Gloucester—the city of fish. If Dr. Foster came to Gloucester in a shower of rain, poor old Dr. Foster is certainly to be pitied, for even in dry seasons the streets of the city are one mass of black mud.

From Boston we have a delightful sail to Gloucester, up the coast past Winthrop and Chelsea and Lynn; the long cape at Nahant with the light houses, Salem and another neck of land with its beacon; then Mag-

nelia and Norman's Woe, and an odd bit of mainland stretching into the sea and connected with the coast by a narrow neck of land, just within the "hook of" Cape Ann. Once past Minot Light we get well out to sea and, save for the distant hotels at Magnolia, only the faintest outline of the coast is discernible. We now see the wisdom of our previous excursion by the trolleys.



FISH "FLAKES," GLOUCESTER

Away out at the end of Cape Ann we round an island with two light houses, and then follow the "finger," with great rocks covering the tip, and sparse meadows beyond, and at last reach the city itself.

Ships and wharves, and an occasional weather-worn frame house with the chimney in the center of the sloping roof, comprise our first glimpse of Gloucester. A little closer in-shore ship-supply houses begin to appear everywhere, and barrels of herring and mackerel cover the docks, while fish-glue factories make redolent the air. Fishermen, in yellow oil-cloth suits, are

numerous, and altogether we feel we have here something different from any other town on our trip.

The keen air makes us hungry for sea-food, and as it is long past luncheon time, we ask a bystander where we may taste of Gloucester's wares. He directs us to an electric car labeled "Long Beach," and we board it at once.

ON CAPE ANN

OUR ride gives us an opportunity to see Gloucester from "A to izzard"—the homes, on the sloping hillside rising from the sea; the modern, rather rustic stores; the shops for sea supplies; the dry docks and sail manufactories; the little theater, and the alleys, dark and dingy and reeking with brine; then the brief intermission of a park, and again block and tackle plants and the cheap little homes of the fishermen. After these we catch a sight of the crook of Cape Ann, with the boats at anchor in the elbow, and at its end again meadows and rocks. We ride through undulating flats, covered densely with laurel and wild rose, the steeple bush and lenum, which clothe most of the New England shores where the rocks permit, to a beach of beautiful white sand, with hotels built on a neighboring bluff and cottages overlooking the cove and pleasure resorts of Long Beach. Here, on the tip of the Cape, with the sea breaking almost beneath the veranda, and with the perspective of the Cape and the island beyond, we get a sea-dinner that is a memory for ever after—clam or fish chowder; then either fried lobster or fried clams with potato salad, and finally, the more cosmopolitan, ice cream, cake and coffee.

Returning leisurely to Gloucester we take up its sights in earnest. First of all we shall step into a great fish "flake," or yard, where thousands of whitefish are drying on open-work shelves set in long rows and most of them covered over with sail cloth. Kegs are scattered about between these flakes; salt litters the ground, and there is an odor of fish about that almost stifles us. An attendant, noting that we are strangers, explains that the codfish—which are most numerous in this "yard"—are caught off the Grand Banks. There they are split open and "cured" on the vessel (which is well supplied with salt), for perhaps ten days. Then the fish are brought home and placed on these stands, or flakes, to dry, and the canvas placed over them so that a hot sun may not "burn" the fish too much. At night these hundreds of fish are taken in and piled up to "sweat," and the next day brought out once more; the process continuing until the little bodies are as dry as boards, a result that requires about a week to obtain. In little neighboring shanties we are shown piles of these dried cod, and learn that a five-pound fish will be reduced in weight to less than two pounds through evaporation. When so prepared the fish bring from one dollar and eighty-five cents to three dollars the hundred weight, according to current supply.

We pass up the wharves, piled with barrels, fish rigging, oakum, and what not, take a peep into a mast-maker's shop where men are busy smoothing down a great pole and the floor is covered with the shavings, and are then attracted by a store selling the oil-clothing of the skippers. As a souvenir of the place we may

purchase one of the almost flat fishermen's caps which we see so often in marine pictures. Just beyond, a rather large plant is devoted exclusively to making heads for the hundreds of kegs used in shipping fish from Gloucester. It is fish—fish—fish, on every hand, even to the retail shops, with their assortment of fishermen's supplies and with the floor covered with salt where the fish itself is not piled high.

We turn down a street of grog shops, such as sailors in story books delight in, and come to preparers of and dealers in halibut, and then to a glue factory. The door of the latter stands ajar and so we step in and see the great bags of fish-offal, heads, tails and fins, cut off by the packers of haddock and cod (which have the clearest skins), being thrown into a hopper, which feeds them into the huge "agitator" or vat. This tank is filled with water; the salt from the fish is extracted by pressing a great reel, rotating in the tub, tightly down upon them. For twenty-four hours this pressure is kept up, and in that period the water is drained off twelve times and a fresh supply admitted. When the last bath has flowed off the fish are conveyed to an upper floor and into a great "cooker," resembling a boiler placed on its side and then cut across; this is surrounded by steam piping which "cooks" the fish for perhaps three hours. The air is sweltering in this room and we are glad to hurry on to where the residue of the bodies is spread upon a huge sheet and the remaining liquor extracted by pressure of about four hundred tons. This liquor, after passing through the cloth, is evaporated until the glue alone remains. Out of fifteen hundred gal-

lons of liquor yielded daily from the fish, only two hundred gallons of glue remain at the end of the ten hours of evaporation. During the cooking the "froth" is skimmed off to make "tanner's cod liver oil," which is dried and pressed to resemble cakes of brown sugar and is used by tanners the world over. Some of this dark brown oil is also being poured into barrels close by for shipment for other purposes. Away down in the cellar they show us the "cremating" of the final residue of the glue industry; the burning up of this otherwise useless stuff yielding something like three tons of fertilizer a day.

As a little souvenir of our visit the kindly proprietor presents us with half a dozen bottles of glue, and laden with these we proceed on our way.

On the wharves we meet a boy about twelve years of age who interests us, and in the course of our chat we learn that his father went off with a fishing schooner about two years ago and has not been heard of since, so that the family believe he must have been drowned, as were many of his relatives. Just then a ship comes in from the "Georges," the great fishing ground, and he accompanies us down to where the fish are being removed from the two hatches with long-hooked poles. The schooner had been out forty-two days; the crew consists of two men for each of the eight dories or row boats aboard, the captain and the cook. All are now bustling about in yellow oil-trousers, blue woolen shirts and tall boots, and seem heartily glad to be back. They have some splendid fish stories, and had we time we would gladly listen to their account of the part they took in the

doings of the great fleet which leaves Gloucester every spring for the southern waters, and markets the catch at Philadelphia, New York, and, what remains unsold, in Boston and finally Gloucester. Great rivalry exists among the boats as to which shall first land and market its catch, and so the ships go out as early in the season as possible. When we make our *Little Journey to the Southern States*, we shall pay a visit to these fishing-grounds off the Capes of Carolina.

As far back as 1883, we are told, over four and a half million dollars' worth of fish and fish products went out of Gloucester, and the trade has since grown by leaps and bounds.

THE QUEER LITTLE ISLES OF SHOALS

TO THE north of Gloucester the Massachusetts coast offers us little more of particular interest and so we resolve on an excursion to the Isles of Shoals, a curious archipelago of tiny bits of stone lying off the southeastern corner of New Hampshire. We have long heard of the Isles of Shoals through Celia Thaxter's poems, many of which appeared in school readers. The sail takes us ever farther and farther away from the shore, and as we get out of sight of land (save for a dim line of blue on the horizon) we learn that it is not so very long since tourists began to come here and that there is little to be done but fish. Occasionally an out-lying island or a sail attracts the eye, otherwise there is only the glassy blue green sea and the sky, and we are reminded of our *Little Journeys* over the Atlantic. Here, as ever at sea, one finds good company; we learn that land lovers usually go to the

Shoals by way of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, seven hours by trolley from Boston.

About half past one the Isles actually appear on the horizon, far out in the open sea. At first there seem but two of them, but little by little others appear until nine are visible. The islands are probably the strangest any of us have ever visited. They consist almost wholly of slabs of white rock filled with sparkling mica, on which the sun breaks and scintillates until, on a hot July day, these bits of land are the most brilliant over which the Stars and Stripes wave. Now and then a sparse meadow or a few fishermen's homes are seen on the islands, but otherwise they are deserted, except the larger one on which a hotel and cottages have been built—with pleasant lanes leading from these, between broad poppy beds, to the wharf.



ON THE ISLES OF SHOALS, N. H.

The sea about the islands is filled with porpoises; far off to the westward the pale blue hills of the mainland are visible, reminding us very much of the approach to

the Azores. As we get nearer in we discover a little stone church with quaint red-painted tower, behind the hotel, and also see a ferry boat plying from isle to isle, making its trips as occasion demands.

While we stop at Deer Island the band plays and the summer guests come down both to welcome us and meet the mail, so that the scene is a gay one, and we are almost persuaded to stay and spend the rest of our vacation-time here—in what has the appearance of mid-ocean. We partake of a good dinner and then saunter over the isle, its surface one mass of broad, contorted, glistening rocks running steeply down into tiny canons, or forming palisades from the sea ; while higher up, inland, lichen and in the coves, red clover takes root. In our excursion we come up on the site of Ft. Star, built here in 1653, occupied by the Provincial Government in the French and Indian Wars. It was repaired in 1745 and was destroyed in the Revolution. Not a stone's throw from this is the old parsonage of the island, a frame dwelling dating from 1732, now deserted and the one wall caving in. Down at the wildest end of the island, in among the rocks and brackish pools covered with sea weed, there is a little grassy vale where, enclosed by a simple fence, lie the members of the Thaxter family. The walk over the rocks becomes difficult here, reminding us of the shores of the Ohio archipelago, and as we make our way to Miss Underhill's chair, where the lady fell into the sea and was drowned, we do not wonder at the accident. Over on another island we see Miss Thaxter's home, but we do not care to run the risk of missing our steamer by being rowed over to it.

PORTLAND AND A PEEP AT MAINE

BEING now so far north we cannot resist a trip to Portland, and then a short excursion into the White Mountains. Massachusetts and the neighboring coast offers so much that we must reserve more northern and Western New England for another *Little Journey*; but to return home without having seen the famous White Mountains would be like going to New York and not crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, or visiting San Francisco and omitting Chinatown, and so we make arrangements for the trip. We might, if we would, return by the tri-weekly boat to Portsmouth and there take another steamer for Portland, but we find that by returning as we came, to Boston, we will connect with an evening Portland boat, have a restful night's sleep on the great coast liner and wake up very early in the morning at our destination. Evenings are especially enjoyable on the steamer; the stars twinkling brightly, now and then a bell or whistling buoy singing its song while rocked by the waves, and here and there the flash of a light-house, or the passing lights and music of some boat. We reach Portland at four in the morning, long before any street cars are running, and as we have nothing better to do we begin our sight-seeing at once. At the "center" of the town stands the Soldiers Monument—a handsome statue set on a great pedestal and surrounded by electric lights. Stores stretch along this, the main thoroughfare, to the Longfellow home, a three-story brick house set among trees and with many windows on each floor. The building is now a small museum of mementoes of

the poet; but, of course, at this unearthly hour it is still closed. We pass on into a district of tall old residences, some of them reminding us of mediæval



OLD LIGHT-HOUSE AT PORTLAND

castles; then catch glimpses of the City Hall, of a massive Safety Deposit building and of a number of pretty churches. We already realize, however, that so far as actual sight-seeing goes there is little or none

to be done here. Down on the shores of Casco Bay we notice some large grain elevators, and then continue our ramble to the old Eastern Cemetery, where Commodore Preble is buried. A few squares beyond stands a quaint old lighthouse, now far inland, resembling the body of a Dutch wind-mill. Above, the Eastern Promenade, the favorite walk of the Portlanders, extends parallel with the Bay, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands. It is flanked by a park, on whose benches we stop to rest and enjoy the view extending to the densely built homes of Cape Elizabeth.

Turning about we reach Longfellow's birth-place; a tall frame house three stories high, with a tablet on the side recording its history. Farther up the street is the birth-place of another noted man, Thomas B. Reed, the satesman; this is a low two-story double cottage, now almost deserted; there are some fine elms in front and a wagon-shop in the garden. A car

comes along about this time and we board it for a ride out through the other end of the town—the Western Promenade. We pass a statue of Longfellow on the way, but otherwise there is again little of interest; in fact,



BIRTHPLACE OF LONGFELLOW, PORTLAND, MAINE

we are almost glad when the time arrives for us to take the train for the White Mountains.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

OF COURSE we take the observation car, for some of the finest scenery in the White Mountains is along this route. Through a truck farm country with corn and cabbage and potato fields we are carried, past a

pretty little pool and among hills which keep growing higher and more densely wooded with each passing mile. Occasional waterfalls, driving mill-wheels on the outskirts of the villages, or log-jams piled in the creeks, vary the scenery on these outskirts of the White Mountain range, where summer lasts longer, probably, than in any other place in this latitude. Far over the meadows the long blue ranges stretch, and we ourselves experience a growing sensation that we are rising ever higher and higher above the sea. Then we enter such a wilderness as Cooper describes in his Indian tales, with hidden lakes in the forests, at one of which little tugs await to convey the summer guest to the other shores of Sebago. Skirting in and out along the shore and re-entering the wilds it seems to grow chilly, owing both to the altitude and the perpetual shade of the pines, oaks and birches. Where there are villages at all they are built of curious shingles, freshly cut from the trees.

Deceived by the name, we had imagined the White Mountains snow-capped the year around, or at least composed of a rock appearing white at a distance; but we learn that the appellation was given by the discoverers, who saw them before the forest had taken on its full foliage, and hence the misnomer.

Ever deeper and deeper grow the pine forests, until even the golden rod no longer brightens their edges. The villages are farther and farther apart, where the full-bearded Yankee farmers gather at the station discussing crops, while waiting for the train to "pull in;" more rare grow the camp meeting grounds which we pass at intervals on the route. On our left rises

a magnificent chain of green mountains, with cascades flowing down to forest pools; the scenery reminding us at once of that along the Green-brier in the Alleghanies. We note that on the right there is one mountain much higher than the rest, with smaller ones in every direction, and when we stop at Fryeburg, an old-fashioned stage coach takes the passengers for the peak and whirls them off into these foot-hills. Especially beautiful are the shadows cast by taller mountains on their neighbors, against the emerald green of the woods, with the occasional variation of a bold rock-face or a field of blossoming buckwheat. While we are following the Saco River, a family of mountaineers who travel with us pass drinking water about in a huge old-fashioned tea kettle, and, like the peasants of



A MOUNTAIN STAGE

Bosnia, we met on our Balkan *Little Journey*, every member of the party drinks directly from the spout.

Passing the great granite quarries and nearing North Conway, the White Horse and Cathedral

Ranges, of which we have heard so much in our geographies, loom in sight, an occasional log cabin standing out in the foreground of the picture. Within sight of Mt. Kearsarge we stop at a village with a church and, as it is Sunday, find the neighborhood filled with clumsy buggies in which the farmers have come from miles around to meetin'—the genesis of the real "town spirit" of New England. More and more mountains of note come into sight. Away up near the top of Kearsarge we see a little shelter house built for those who make the ascent to the top; then Mt. Thor comes into view with a double-headed peak behind, and after that a mountain which the farmers call "Kasahomo," and state that it is "king, after old Washington." Natives on the cars are very proud of the mountains; they make a point of discovering strangers, and now come over and point out each peak. Unlike the Bostonian, who is rather cold toward the stranger until he has been introduced by some mutual friend, these mountaineers are the soul of hospitality. At Glen Station, where the mountains begin to pierce the clouds, they indicate Iron Mountain to us, and when we stop for ten minutes at Bartlett for refreshments, they advise us to try a New Hampshire apple dumpling, which the station restaurant provides.

We are now in the heart of the White Mountains and hear all sorts of tales of the rigor of their winters; how, at times, the snows bury the locality so deep that the trains must tunnel through the drifts, and other similar stories. Looking at the pretty "woodland post-cards" of the locality, sold us on the train, and then out into the smiling valleys, it seems hard

to believe this. Seated in the observation car, with its set of chairs placed in two rows along the right of the aisle, the cinders become extremely annoying, and this often just when the most attractive views are to be seen. A train boy comes through with great goggles fitted with screens, something like automobile spectacles, for sale, and, as he charges a quarter for a pair, we are almost inclined to suspect the engineer of being in league with him and making cinders fly to cause demand for his wares. Beyond Sawyer's River we get more panoramas that enchant, and then see the ruins of the first hotel in the mountains, used in staging days, and now a mere mass of lumber.



PRESIDENTIAL RANGE, WHITE MOUNTAINS

Meanwhile we are climbing a nine-mile grade, which rises at the rate of a hundred and sixteen feet per mile to the highest point on the route—Crawfords—nineteen hundred feet, we are told, above the sea. All the magnificent Presidential Range spreads out before us as far even as Mt. M'Kinley (or Mt. Pleasant,

as it was called until about three years ago), forty-seven hundred and sixty-four feet high, and huge old Mt. Washington, the monster of the range, with its spur, a great giant mountain in itself, at one side, and the main peak playing hide-and-seek among the white clouds; while the almost vertical cog-wheel that draws us up its slope recalls the cog up Mt. Vesuvius.

We now glide over the Frankenstein Trestle, five hundred feet long by eighty high, spanning one of the deep cañons of the mountains, and round into the valley of Crawford Notch, a long valley leading off to another mountain hotel standing almost in the path of the avalanches, built on the very edge of the mountain side, so that directly below a foaming cascade threatens; and we catch a glimpse of the barren rocks that form the famous Elephant Head. Hotels of which we have heard for years rise from the valley, with the mountains behind, and at one of these, tourists who intend making the ascent of Mt. Washington leave us, drawing their overcoats about them as they get out into the nipping July air.

At Fabyan's, the great center for mountain travel, two hundred and eight miles from Boston, we, too, dismount. We are in a broad valley, encompassed on every side by wooded peaks, and with Mt. Washington, six thousand two hundred and ninety-three feet in height, just across from the station. A little poppy-lined lane leads to a tennis court and a deer park filled with its red deer from the mountains, and then on to the famous hotel, which is one of the institutions of New Hampshire. Like all mountaineers, our host of the flowing whiskers knows how to charge, and if we par-

take of his hospitality, as we must or go dinnerless, it will cost us exactly three dollars each. The hotel at Fabyan's, however, is a sight in itself, and recalls a certain Carpathian hotel to those of us who made the *Austro-Hungarian Little Journey*.

In the center of the great open corridor is the desk of the manager, with steps rising up on each side, and at the foot of these are souvenir stands where Indian basket-work,



A WHITE MOUNTAIN VALLEY

moccasins, etc., are sold. The walls here are agreeably tinted and further decorated with guns, rifles, mounted deer heads, and other trophies of the chase. In one corner a stuffed deer stands, and rugs made of skins of various White Mountain forest animals are numerous. Dozens of rocking chairs invite to rest, and as the guests mingle, jesting and chatting, we feel that we have an opportunity to see tourist life in the mountains at its best. To the rear of the office between a ladies' parlor and a smoking-room, is the restaurant, and there, at noon, the proprietor and his wife

stand on each side of the door to welcome returning guests, as well as new ones, and direct the army of attendants. The bustle and life are all so different from any hotel we have visited in New England as to make us quite willing to take our place at one of the little white covered tables, over which smilax droops from the ceiling, and indulge in mine host's fare.

Charming drives and mountain ascents invite us on every side, but these we must abandon for the present, for we have reached the utmost bounds of the territory we have mapped out for this *Little Journey*. It is the one great drawback to a New England trip that no matter how far one goes, there are always a dozen equally interesting places just a few hours or a few miles away—until one “just *must* stop” somewhere.

We return by evening train to Portland and thence by boat to Boston. All of the north coast of Massachusetts and a bit beyond the Old Bay State, we feel, has been thoroughly visited. It is with a certain relish that we open our guide book at the map and check off our route so far. Then, alas, we notice that in a sheltered bay, quite near the city itself, we have omitted two points—Marblehead and Swampscott.

MARBLEHEAD AND THE REGATTA

AS TRAVELER'S luck will often have it, the oversight has turned to our advantage, for we are now just in season to see the city of Marblehead in regatta time, when the yachts of the New York Club and other associations throng the waters, excursion boats come from afar to attend the spectacle, skiffs fill the bay within the neck, and Marblehead is at her best.

From Marblehead town, which is not particularly attractive, being composed of dull little frame houses whose greatest claim to fame is that among them was once the home of the notorious Gerry, after whom the form of manipulating election districts so as to bring in a desired candidate known as "gerrymandering," was named. We take a ferry across the water to Marblehead Neck, the fashionable summer resort. Everywhere, to-day, these waters are dotted with the graceful white yachts decorated with long lines of flags and pennants bound to ropes, from mast to mast and down to stern and bow. Most of these boats have come here



REGATTA TIME AT MARBLEHEAD

from Provincetown or other points to take part in the contests for the much-prized cups. In the evening there is an illumination of boats, as well as of the shore, and then little tugs will take us in and out among these floating palaces, so that we are decidedly glad we postponed our visit until now.

SWAMPSCOTT, ON THE PURITAN ROAD

ON OUR return to "The Hub" we stop off at Swampscott, another summer resort whose greatest interest for us is the fact that it lies along the old Puritan Road, the original highway between New England and Virginia, the oldest road in the United States and the one over which John Winthrop plodded in 1630, when he set out to find a home for his colony. Over this pike in 1770 likewise traveled the first mail coach in the British Empire, making the trip fourteen years before the like stages plied on the highways of old England. On the Puritan Road, too, originated the light runabout known as the "sulky" which, the story goes, derived its name from a young girl's remark that any man who'd ride in it, i. e., alone (as he must)—must be decidedly sulky.

To-day the Puritan Road is fringed with magnificent summer hotels, set among New England elms, on the broad piazzas of which the guests congregate. From the hotels and the cottages the road leads along the boulder-strewn shore to little inlets, where the sand lies deep, and we may join the young folks from the cottages at play with Old Ocean.

By way of relaxation, we will return through Salem Willows, so named from a great row of these trees from which, tradition says, the Salem witches were hung, and beneath whose limbs, to-day, little witches of worsted, their brooms beneath their arms, are hawked by itinerant peddlers. To-day, too, a carrousel and chutes, and other devices for popular amusement, bring to Salem Willows gaiety and merriment through-

out the summer, surpassed only in variety at Nantasket and Revere Beach.

REVERE BEACH

REVERE is still closer to our cottage home than Salem Willows, and whenever we return from an excursion betimes we may take the little narrow-gauge trolley thither. Revere is the Coney Island of Boston and the beach is constantly crowded with bathers, as well as mere lovers of the sea. There is a state bath-house here and we may take a dip in the brine, in suits owned by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, while towels also belonging to the state await us in the dressing rooms. Then we can saunter among booths and bazaars where candy and popcorn, souvenir cards and photographs are sold, and fortune-tellers and other itinerant players that go to make up a great amusement city by the sea, also abound. But for the lack of a board-walk along the shore, and the greater number of places selling soft drinks, we could readily imagine ourselves back at Asbury Park or Atlantic City. One thing, however, we find here that has quite a pleasant taste after the somewhat chilly sea bath, and that is a variety of sea-weed sold in the booths, and eaten especially by the children. Birch beer, too, tasting something like the familiar "root beer," we notice to be quite popular with the young folks.

Of course while at Revere we must "loop the loop," one of the most dangerous attractions probably, that has yet been devised for resorts of this kind. We take our place in a little two-seated car and are carried down a decline, then up a huge loop of steel,

and around and down and out, at such terrific speed that it is all we can do to hold on tight; we feel the strain of the straps at that one particular instant when, high above the ground, our heads are exactly where our feet should be, and vice versa. At that



A DIP IN THE BRINE AT REVERE BEACH

instant we feel a certain dizzy shot in the brain, but otherwise do not mind the experience.

Coming out, we enter a huge spider-web of wire, it is a mystic maze, and we have a merry time seeking our

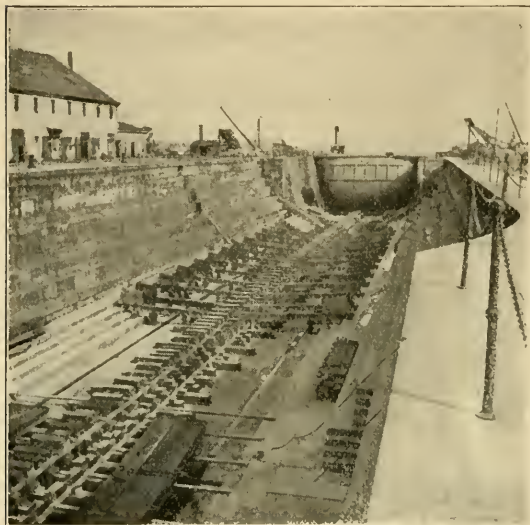
way out of it. We can also mount life-size wooden horses, arranged as a steeple chase, and race with one another up and down great slopes fitted with concealed rails, over which the horses are carried. Then we try the moving stairs, the loose rope-ladders, the concave mirrors, and the dark cave with the skeleton, on approaching which we are given a slight and wholly unexpected electric shock. After treating ourselves to a plate of ice cream we slide down long wooden slides, erected for the benefit of the poor-

est visitor, and are taken to "The Zoo." As we emerge we encounter iron bars; the laughter of the crowd below helps to enlighten us—we have walked deliberately into an empty cage labeled "wild animals." There are swings and see-saws, and boats that carry us through dark caverns, interspersed with brilliantly lighted rooms, where the boat-men sing, and so on to an Oriental palace in the center. We can spend much time and many nickels and dimes at Revere. Before we go we must take a turn on the merry-go-round, which here not only goes round and round, but whose horses prance up and down like a galloping mare, during the journey. On our way to the wild animal show we see a notice, "one lost child found, inquire at police station" and we wonder that more little folks are not lost in this delightful pleasure garden.

CHARLESTOWN AND THE NAVY YARD

AFTER our long north-easterly journey to Portland, and days devoted only to pleasure at Marblehead and Revere, we are ready for some more strenuous sight-seeing, something of the sort that makes even the most stolid tourist and globe-trotter admit that sight-seeing, rightly pursued, is "hard work." We want to finish with all that is interesting to the north of Boston, and so start in the direction of the Polar star, intending to "do" Charlestown. On our way, we may make a detour to catch a glimpse of Jamaica Plains, another residential district of Boston, where we may see children's play-grounds having little gardens in which young nature lovers may plant flowers

if they wish, and come daily tend to them. Circling 'round, we go through a busy part of the city, where it seems as if men alone throng the streets, and at a



DRY DOCKS AT NAVY YARD, CHARLESTOWN

corner, our attention is drawn to a drug store, up and down whose wall a huge insect is kept climbing; it is the rather ingenious advertisement of an insecticide. Crossing the Charles we are in Charlestown, a city

allied to Boston, much as Brooklyn is to New York City.

BUNKER HILL

WE DO not ride very far through Charlestown before we tire of the tenement district we seem to have entered, a section broken only by the cheap restaurants, with their signs of "licensed victualler" in the windows. We leave the car and walk down a shady avenue to a great, grass-covered mound, surrounded on all four sides by homes and trees, and supporting a little frame souvenir store, a replica of which, in

stone, is still in process of erection. Above and between these two, towers the great landmark of Boston, Bunker Hill Monument, the speeches at whose dedication and completion will furnish us with food for study when we get into the high school. The monument itself is of a bluish stone, rising from the center of the mound, which also bears inscribed tablets set to mark the British and American redoubts of June 17, 1775, and a handsome statue of Gen. Prescott.

We pass through the souvenir store, then through a little passage, and into the monument itself. We find a hollow central column occupying the interior, and old, worn, stone steps encircling this to the top. At the foot of the flight, behind a grating, there stands a copy of the original monument on Bunker Hill. Of course we wish to make the ascent of the monument, and so up and up and up we wind, with only an occasional window or aperture into the dark shaft, or still rarer electric light to guide us. Emerging at the top we find ourselves in an empty conical chamber with braces at the windows for telescopes which are not here. Aside from two old cannon in the wall there is nothing to be seen but the view, and that we enjoy, tracing, so far as we are able, all our past pilgrimages; house tops, decorated with wash lines, and surrounded by little railings to prevent the maid falling over the edge, somewhat obstruct the picture. On one hand is the Navy Yard, with the ships in the harbor and the great stone rope-walk, thirteen hundred and fifty feet in length (the longest rope-walk in the world), the timber sheds and two ship houses, and the great chimney and shops and foundries; then our eye meets the Mystic

and East Boston; the great iron works and the ocean wharves; Fort Warren, the light houses, and Castle Island, commanding the channel where it is so narrow that two ships cannot pass abreast.

We should feel ashamed of ourselves did we not know the story of the battle of Bunker Hill, how the British on that memorable 17th of July, 1775, came up with a force of four thousand soldiers, and were assisted, in addition, by seven warships, and a battery on Copp's Hill, and how they went away with eleven hundred wounded or dead, while the Americans lost but



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN

four hundred and fifty. As to the history of the Monument, however, we are not quite so sure of ourselves, and so glance through the pages of the little guide book to New England which we carry, and learn

that the association for the erection of the memorial was organized in 1824, and that the corner stone was laid by La Fayette the following year,—the fiftieth anniversary of the battle—when Daniel Webster made his

great address. The foundation of Bunker Hill Monument consists of six courses of stone, laid twelve feet below the earth's surface; eighty-four more courses standing above ground complete the edifice. At the base the monument is thirty feet square, while at the top, two hundred and twenty-one feet above, it is but fifteen. All in all there are two hundred and ninety-four steps to be climbed, and we read these figures in the little room and then begin the descent, which we find a good deal more tiring than the upward climb, owing largely to our already aching muscles, and we are quite willing to believe the number has not been exaggerated.

THE NAVY YARD

FROM the monument we make our way to the United States Navy Yard, and spend a pleasant hour or two looking over the various buildings, and entering those to which the public is admitted. The docks with the war-ships tied up for repairs or repainting have a great fascination, albeit we may not board the men-of-war.

While we stand here watching the unloading of hemp for the rope-walk, we hear a boy tell another that he has made up his mind to run away from home and become a sailor, and we can scarcely blame him. In another part of the huge Yard, which contains ninety-one acres, we see the men forging the huge links of chain that hold the ships' anchors, and then step into the rope-walk, down whose long aisles the hemp travels; it is first fed to teeth that comb it and force it through a little aperture, where it is spread

into one flat belt; then it travels through other tiny holes, at each of which it is twisted with other strands of the same size, until it emerges at the other end, a



A MAN-OF-WAR AT CHARLESTOWN

thick and tough rope, and is rolled into balls for shipment. Everywhere there are buildings and cannon and marines in blue, while down at one end of the Yard, in the mess hall, we meet sailors in natty white

uniforms, fresh from some long cruise on the war ships.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION

THE LEAST patriotic among us will want to visit the old warship, Constitution, built in 1777 by contributions of patriotic Bostonians, which took part in the wars of 1803 and 1812. It bears the proud record of having taken one hundred ships and of never having been once defeated. The "Constitution," in its day, sailed nineteen miles an hour, bearing an armament of fifty-six guns, and a crew of four hundred and fifty men. Today "Old Ironsides" is the oldest Amer-

ican ship afloat, lying at anchor in the Navy Yard, robbed of its masts, and resembling a school-ship. Visitors are encouraged to come aboard, especially the school children. Uncle Sam preserves the vessel as a means of inculcating patriotism. Inside there is one great cabin, painted white, and gay with flags, hung from the ribs of the boat itself. In the center of the cabin a mast rises up through the floor, while beyond the old steering gear is in position. Well forward is a smaller cabin with a leather couch along the fore-wall; in this cabin was signed the treaty with Tripoli in 1803, the only American treaty ever concluded on a vessel-of-war. Cheap chromos and crayons of naval heroes, a desk and a few chairs now furnish



"OLD CONSTITUTION," CHARLESTOWN

the apartment. Still farther forward, directly over the prow, little rooms on each side are shown, in which the prisoners used to be confined. We are then taken to the lower deck, which is one apartment with a low-ceiling, where the apparatus for hoisting the

anchors, the old ovens, and the great chains that once held the ship in place, are preserved.

Returning to land and following a roadway across the lawns to the officers' homes and the barracks, we see the huge dry-docks, with the steps going deep down, as into quarries; then passing a row of old cannon under the trees, we take a little rope ferry, operated by white-clad sailors who turn a gigantic wheel, to the U. S. Training-ship, where a band has been playing all the morning. We are ushered again into one great cabin, the walls lined with chairs and the cabin filled with officers and marines in blue or white, and visitors. Many of the sailors who show the guests about are much tattooed. Most of them seem rather idle too, so we believe an old veteran who tells us that these fellows have comparatively little to do, until they are actually put aboard the warships. Below we see the kitchen where the meals are prepared, and are further led to believe that Jackie has a pretty good time of it on the training-ship.

Separated from the school-ship by a war vessel and a torpedo boat, the latter in port for some unknown reason, or a transport undergoing re-plating, is a prison ship, the deck filled with prisoners wearing white uniforms who have been sentenced here for terms of from two to six weeks, for insubordination, desertion, or other crimes. As about the only possible work these men can do on the ship is to see that the vessel is kept spick and span, their greatest punishment, an orderly tells us, is the fact that they receive no pay during their term of imprisonment; their fare is also not as good as when they are at liberty. The

ship, he adds, patrols the coast, keeping the men aboard until their terms are over.

Boston children are very fond of the Navy Yard because of the constantly shifting exhibition of war-ships and such vessels which may be seen, for it is safe to say that pretty nearly every vessel in the Atlantic squadron, if not in the entire navy, drops in for a visit in the course of a year.

ANOTHER PLAY-GROUND OF BOSTON

THIS evening we have the choice between going to the theater or seeing the other play-ground of Boston, Nantasket, and as we must begin a southerly descent of the coast at this time, and the evening is warm, we prefer the excursion.

Nantasket disputes with Revere the title of the Coney of Boston. Our journey is to be by boat, and as it looks like rain we take our luncheon in a restaurant in the heart of Boston which makes a practice of loaning its patrons umbrellas on their depositing a dollar, charging a very slight fee for the rental on their return. We are thus prepared for all weathers.

The shore at Nantasket we find lined with hotels—now of the cheaper sort—but at one time forming one of the fashionable summer cities for which this New England coast is famous. The beach is a delightfully sandy one, and as there is a state bath house here, many of the poorer people of the city come out for a day in the surf. Restaurants, cheap souvenir and candy stands, etc., line a street which is parallel with the sea, and there are *carrouseles* and roller-coasters galore. Phaetons, too, are numerous, to take travel-

ers for a drive on the Jerusalem Road, where the prettier cottages are situated, and we may either indulge in a drive, or, if we wish to spare our purse, take an electric car in the same direction. It is ever the same story, however, cottages and hotels with latticed piazzas, and gardens and lawns that end at the sea, so that we really find nothing new for our note books, and, we confess, we are secretly glad of it, for these sight-seeing days give us a weary task every evening in faithfully compiling our diaries.

PLYMOUTH AND PURITAN LAND

THIS LULL in note taking, however, seems to be the proverbial quiet before the storm, for our next excursion, true to our plan now to take in the coast to the south, is to be thirty-seven miles by boat, almost to the bay enclosed by the great hook of Cape Cod, and thus into beautiful old Plymouth, where the "Corner Stone of the Nation" was laid. This point will conclude our jaunt along the Massachusetts Coast, save for the one town of New Bedford, through which we must pass on our way from some of the more famous islands of the Bay State.

The journey to Plymouth is one of the most charming of the many we have made. We go by sea; our course lies just far enough from land to make us give up all attempt at sight-seeing, and we content ourselves with glancing through some book of the Pilgrims, or possibly reading over the "Courtship of Miles Standish," delighted with such interruptions as a school of flying-fish, which draws the passengers to the rail, and before we know it, we are at the little

town, of which we have heard and read so many tales.

Down on the quay, beneath a handsome stone canopy, with an iron railing between its pillars, is the famous

"Corner Stone of the Nation," Plymouth Rock. We are glad to find that we may walk inside the railing, and, if we wish, even sit upon the "rock," which is a reddish boulder on which is cut the date



PLYMOUTH ROCK

"1620;" it was cemented together where it was broken at the time of its attempted removal in 1774. From behind the "Rock" the sod embankment of old Cole's Hill slopes up to the street itself, where numerous carriages await to convey strangers over the town.

We are in a rather leisurely mood, and therefore prefer to do our sight-seeing on foot. We saunter through a delightfully shaded street, of neat, square, frame houses, each with a door upon a portico in the center in front; we catch only a glimpse of the Russel Library, a low building of brick, harmonizing with

the quiet tone of the place, and note an old coat-of-arms hanging from a house door where the tractions for Brocton turn. Then we come to the Old Colony Club and the Courthouse, the latter a wide, gray stone structure, with white cappings bearing the usual coat-of-arms. Before it stretches a lawn with a fountain, and across the way is a neat memorial church. We are interested in a mural tablet on the outside of



LANDING AT PLYMOUTH

the court-
house, repre-
senting four
kneeling In-
dians, each
holding a
flaming heart
in his hand,
and beside
each a tree,
indicative of
the young
“plantation”
(as the colo-
nists were
sometimes
called). We

step into the office of the Registrar of Deeds and are shown the old records of Plymouth Colony, the will of Miles Standish, and the original patent granted by the Earl of Warwick to the colony in 1620, with queer seal and case. There are Indian deeds too, the general tenor of which is decidedly quaint.

Emerging from the courthouse, with the jail and

sheriff's home at the rear, we draw one full breath of salt sea air, and then cross into Pilgrim Hall, built of rough blocks of rock on three sides, with a front of smoother sandstone. The Hall is in the form of

an old Greek temple, with Ionic columns and porch, but on the pediment a bas-relief of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth indicates its more modern date. Crossing the vestibule we pay our quarter admission fee,



PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH

register and tread the old plank floor of Pilgrim Hall. Doors lead off to right and left, while just ahead is the museum, and thither we direct our steps. It is lighted by panes of glass set in the roof; all around the walls are handsome pictures of the Pilgrim colony; cases ranged below contain other articles of interest.

The parchment commission from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, appointing Governor Winslow to act as arbitrator between Great Britain and Holland, is the first of these to meet our eye, a curious contemporary picture of Cromwell is set

in one corner, possibly that the Dutch might identify him on its presentation. The original autograph to this paper, however, has been torn off by some unprincipled visitor in the days when admission was free to the hall; a fac-simile replaces it. On the east side of the hall is the famous oil painting of the Landing, by Sargent, thirteen by sixteen feet in size, valued at about three thousand dollars.

But we have only time for a hasty review of the many interesting pictures, reproductions of the most of which we have seen in our histories at school or at home. We want to see the chairs of Elder Brewster, and of Governor Carver, brought over in the Mayflower, and, most of all, the clumsy cradle, like a rocking horse, of Peregrine White, the first white child born in the colony. Strange companion for this symbol of peace is the sword of Miles Standish, with the Arabic inscriptions on which Longfellow makes the Captain speak so often. John Alden's Bible and a deed witnessed by him in 1653 are near, also a letter from King Philip. Down in the basement we are shown a small museum of non-Puritan relics, but these do not interest us greatly, so we return for a last look at the Pilgrim mementoes, some of Miss Standish's embroidery, an old pew, a spinning-wheel, gourd vessels, plates and candlesticks of silver, some old chests with covers of imitation mother-of-pearl, and models of the Mayflower that are in the third century of their age.

COLE'S HILL

STEPPING out of Pilgrim Hall we look down Cole's Hill, on which, the severe winter following the "Land-

ing," the Pilgrims buried half their number, leveling the graves and planting corn, "that the Indians might not learn of their losses." But why do more than enumerate these names and places? We would be ashamed, one and all of us, *American* globe trotters, did we not know the story of Plymouth, at least in the days of Miles Standish! Some of us have read a little juvenile series, entitled "Jolly Good Times," by a Mrs. Smith, and we will have a secondary interest in Plymouth, because of the visit to the place by the little heroine.

We descend the hill where a battery stood in 1742, and pass the sites of later forts, commanding the present resting place of the "rock," then by terrace and stairs reach the sea, and turn toward Leyden Street, another thoroughfare hallowed with memories. Almost



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH

at the outset we pass the home of Gen. John Winslow, and of James Warren, President of the Provincial Congress, a yellow frame house erected in 1730. There

is a sunny square, also a number of almost metropolitan stores here, which seem strangely out of place. Leyden Street, itself, where the Pilgrims had their homes, is now lined with residences, and an up-to-date sidewalk leads beneath the elms from house to house. We follow it to the Town Square, where stands a pretty Unitarian Church (the prevailing faith in New England), with the gray Church of the Pilgrimage beside; near by is a little stone spring, still in use, from which the Pilgrims drew their water. An old frame house of the seventeenth century served as Old Colony Government House until 1742, when the original building was destroyed to be replaced by the courthouse, the Town Hall. The Church of the Pilgrimage, the guide book adds, stands on the spot where the Pilgrims erected their first church in 1638,—they had worshiped in the fort until that time. Facing the square today is the Church of the First Parish, its congregation that of the original church of the Pilgrims.

THE MOST CURIOUS GRAVEYARD IN THE WORLD

WE WOULD hardly go to a graveyard for amusement, ordinarily, but everyone we meet tells us not to omit Burial Hill, the old cemetery behind the church, where Gov. Bradford, the two Cushmanes and others of the Plymouth Company are buried. Here, too, stood the old fort of the colony, and from the hill we may overlook the town and harbor, and even descry the Standish Monument at Duxbury, and Watson's Hill, the resort of the Indians where the treaty with Massasoit, giving the Pilgrims assurance of safety,

was signed. For many years the colonists were too poor to import tombstones, and the first they did import were of a very inferior quality of slate, so that many of the oldest, dating about 1681, have been preserved only by protecting them with metal copings, even then the

inscriptions are well nigh undecipherable. Today the graveyard is officially closed for burial, save to families and connections of those already interred there. The old epitaphs are the object of our special



FOREFATHER'S MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH

interest, and we employ a guide who is rambling about the cemetery, endeavoring to secure patronage.

First he shows us an old stone with an arrow pointing to two men's graves and an epitaph stating that "*she* was a widow twice," the other stones evidently marking the resting place of "her husbands." Another stone, not far away, reads "Heaven only knows what a man he might have made, but we know he was a very rare boy when here."

As we take out our note book to jot down some of

these inscriptions we learn, on inquiry, that Miles Standish is not buried here but on his old farm at Duxbury, about eight miles from Plymouth, and that a descendant of his still lives in Plymouth and keeps a curio shop. John Alden's grave, which was probably also on his farm, has not, we are informed, been discovered.

First we copy the epitaph of a man who broke his engagement with a young woman of Plymouth, for which act he was cursed by the witch, Miss Crowe, with the result that when he next put to sea the entire crew of the vessel were drowned.

Here are some other examples:—

“Remember me, as you pass by;
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore prepare to follow me!”

“Death is a debt to Nature due,
Which I have paid and so must you.”

“Strangers and friends, while you gaze on my urn,
Remember, death will call you in your turn.
Therefore prepare to meet your God on high,
When he rides glorious through the upper sky.”

And this, the inscription to Tabitha Plasket, the celebrated mistress of a “dame school” of Plymouth, at which institution youthful culprits were suspended by skeins of yarn passed under the arms:—

“Adieu, vain world, I’ve seen enough of thee,
And I am careless what thou sayest of me.
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear;
I am now at rest—my head lies quiet here.”

And lastly, to a child dying at the tender age of one month:—

“He glanced into our world to see
A sample of our miserie.”

There are others equally as good or better, but we have not the time to copy more, for Plymouth still holds many attractions, and the guide advises us to drive out to Billington Sea, a little pool surrounded by summer cottages where we may see the "summer life" of the locality. Having seen quite a number of these resorts and finding them much alike, we prefer to take the sunny road up to the heights to the National Forefathers' Monument, of magnificent granite, enclosing a series of panels under glass which cost, we are told, twenty thousand dollars. From the birds-eye view of woods and meadows, sea and islands, we turn to the

inspection of the stone itself, crowned by a figure of "Faith," forty-feet in height, the largest stone figure in the world. Small figures are placed about the pedestal of this statue, representing the several modern graces



A TABLET OF FOREFATHER'S MONUMENT,
PLYMOUTH

— Morality, Law, Education — but more interesting than these are the alto-reliefs beneath the

glass, representing the departure from Delft, the signing of the compact, the landing at Plymouth, and the treaty with the Indians; place is reserved for a list of the passengers on the "Mayflower." From the spot we can overlook the forests of Plymouth, which,



A SKIPPER OF NANTUCKET

though a town of but eight or nine thousand inhabitants, is eighteen miles long by from four to nine wide, and, like some of the towns we met on our Hungarian *Little Journey*, owns forty thousand acres of woodland. These

extensive limits are due to the rights conferred by old charters. Leisurely descending the hill, we hear the whistle of our boat warning us that the time is up, and so finding, by a glance at our guide book, that nothing more of importance remains to be seen, we are well content to return to old Boston.

A LONG JOURNEY TO NANTUCKET, THE WHALING TOWN
AGAIN we take our map of New England and scan it carefully. Southward of Plymouth the coast de-

scends, then bends east and north into the sea, rounding to form the famous hook of Cape Cod; but from what we can learn there is nothing to be seen here. On the tip of the Cape, near Province-town, the sand has been blown into some rather fantastic forms, but hardly sufficiently curious to warrant a day's excursion thither. On the eastern or outer side of the Cape likewise there is not much interest for the sight-seer. We then have Buzzard's Bay and the town of New Bedford, full of memories of the old whaling days. When we get here we find we are almost at the southwestern extremity of eastern Massachusetts. Beyond lies the Island of Nantucket, which we find is more convenient to visit first, reserving New Bedford for the return.

From Boston we will start on our journey by rail. The ride across Massachusetts on this stretch is monotonous—meadows and dense scrub-oak tangles and an occasional hamlet. At Providence we set our watches back an hour to conform with more western time. Skirting Buzzard's Bay we catch a glimpse of ex-President Cleveland's home—a two-story frame house, surmounted by a tower, with a lawn extending to the water's edge; several neat Dutch windmills are close by. At Wood's Hole we leave the train, which is switched out on a long dock, where baggage lies piled promiscuously, and perceive in the background a hill, cottages, and the famous Government Fisheries Experimental Station. A steamer is moored here and we go aboard. About half past four anchor is raised and we are bound for Nantucket.

Dear old Nantucket; what associations does not its

name recall! The town-crier and the curfew, the whalers and the primitive cabins, and also the doggerel about the:—

“Old man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
Till his daughter, named Nan, ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nan-tuck-et.”

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

ON THE right green headlands, with lighthouses on the bluffs projecting into the sea, and with cottages and summer hotels, fringe the horizon until we get well



CURFEW TOWER, NANTUCKET

out to sea, when Martha's Vineyard, the other large island belonging to the Massachusetts commonwealth, is faintly discernible where the sky and ocean meet. For a long time only the dimmest outlines of land

are visible; but we skirt closer and closer in along the shore and finally drop anchor at Cottage City. Martha's Vineyard is given over almost exclusively to summer tourists and seekers of rest, and we are told

that more than half of these are school teachers, so we are just a bit anxious to be off, lest our own teacher should happen to be in the crowd on the dock and start questioning us as to how many problems we have done and how many rules we have learned since school closed in June. The captain tells us that the only things to be seen are hotels and boarding houses, so we remain aboard, and when the whistle blows and the great ship plows out to sea once more we have no regrets. The sea gets rather rough, a fog comes on and aside from a few fishing smacks there is nothing to be seen for about an hour, as we ride through Nantucket Sound. On account of the fog the whistle blows every third minute; our hands become sticky from the moisture, and the very notes of the ship's band, on the lower deck, are subdued by the density of the air. More and more do we pitch and toss, until some of our fellow-passengers become very sea-sick and, night setting in, retire to the berths in the saloons. Finally the fog lifts, the moon comes out, and ere we know it, it is a quarter past eight and we are safe in the harbor of Nantucket.

Down at the wharf is gathered a curious aggregation of "runners" for the summer hotels which here, too, are ubiquitous. Unlike those of their kind in places we have visited, these men do not shout together, or attempt to attract our attention, but stand in line and each, in turn, calls his "house," until the end of the row is reached, when the first crier starts over again. Owing to the variations of the several voices the calls form almost a tune, and we jot down the several hotel names to recall them in this sequence.

It is inky dark in Nantucket town at this hour, and we follow the runner to the hotel meekly and are glad to get to bed. The mosquitoes are troublesome here and so it is some time before we get to sleep. Suddenly a bell tolls and we look at our watches; sure enough, it is nine o'clock and the curfew is tolling, telling all good Nantucketers to retire.

SIGHT-SEEING ON A PRIMITIVE ISLAND

WHEN we start out sight-seeing the next morning we will find a curious combination. Nantucket is composed of old narrow streets, extending among neat white-washed frame dwellings; but in and among these stand old shingled houses, two stories high, the windows divided into many parts as they were in the olden time. There is a door in the center of each house-front, fitted with shutters like a window, with steps leading down from it to right and left. Then, too, the houses have a chimney on each side, thus constituting a style of architecture typically their own. Many of the newer houses have a central chimney, with a little porch built about it, so that the tenants may overlook the roof-tops to the sea. Most of these modern homes have a door on the left side of the lower floor, opening upon a porch built on the space left by indenting the house itself at that point. Along the main street, too, the combination of old and new prevails, the wares of the stores being exposed in the ancient windows, while the storekeeper resides on the upper floor.

In the center of Nantucket town, a hollow square, faced with these mercantile establishments, is the Common, an elm-shaded park, with an open band-

stand in the center, where every afternoon at four an orchestra plays at the city's expense. Following the street and peeping into the shop windows we notice a bric-a-brac dealer, whose vases and urns all take the form of cats and dogs. Not far away is the Center Street Church, dating from 1823, and seating a thousand people—the largest auditorium on the island. Farther up the cobbled way, in among groceries and souvenir booths, rises the tall white spire of the Unitarian Church, where the curfew bell is tolled, and on whose dial Nantucket reads the time. We pass the Athenæum and more of the ramshackle homes of the poorer people to the outskirts of rolling fields of yarrow and wild carrot and soap-flower, to the oldest house on the island, dated 1636. The design here is of the simplest, the roof sloping down on every side to the four walls, and the whole now boarded over to preserve it. The roadway here, too, remains as it was probably in the days of Jethro Coffin, the builder—



WHALER'S HOME, NANTUCKET

deep with sand, which fills our shoes and makes walking somewhat uncomfortable.

Reaching the wild rolling fields of laurel and myrtle, that make up the interior of Nantucket Island, we retreat to the town square again, and the postoffice, where the *naïve* notices of the citizens are hung on a communal bulletin-board. The shop owners here claim the outer edge of the sidewalk and erect booths there for the display of their additional wares, so that the array of books, groceries, meats, and such like, reminds us of a European yearly fair or market. Again we seek the limits of the town, this time to



OLD FARM HOUSE, NANTUCKET

visit the famous old windmill, in charge of an ex-whaler, which is preserved in its primitive seventeenth century condition—a beam descending from the sails to a slanting cart-wheel, which rotates over the

ground, supplying the power to do the grinding when there is occasion. Sauntering on, we see a Colored People's Church, the first we recall in New England, for

to those of us who hail from the west and south, negroes seem inordinately rare in this part of the country and their houses of worship still rarer. Of course Nantucket, like all New England towns, has its Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, a rather plain shaft, which we notice on our way to the town jail—two stories high, shingled over, with barred windows. Next to it is a one-story cottage, labeled "House of Correction," and we wonder whether either of these weak little structures ever has any tenants.

Our walk has given us quite an appetite and when we hear the breakfast bells sounding from a dozen verandas we return to our hotel. While indulging in the fresh mackerel and the equally fresh plums, we learn of another curious phase of summer life in Massachusetts. The larger part of the waiters and waitresses in these hotels are students, earning their way through college or school. At our own hostelry, for example, the clerk is studying medicine and the headwaitress is a trained nurse. They suggest that we make a side excursion, by sea, during the morning, and so we ramble to the wharves, passing an old ship stripped of its masts, where a baker now has his home, to the slip where, in goodly numbers, the sail boats ride at anchor.

A SAIL TO WAUWINNET

IN COMPANY with eighteen or nineteen other visitors we board one of the smaller of these boats for a sail, before the wind, to the Island of Wauwinnet. This gives us an opportunity to see the elegant hotels built on the capes of Nantucket, the yachts in the harbor,

the picturesque perspective of the town and, finally, the deserted cottages for which the owners being unable to find tenants, have been abandoned to wind and weather. Following a stretch of reef, our sail is bent far over, and the man at the wheel is put to it to keep in the long narrow channel just off an island where the plovers hop about protesting against our intrusion. Out in the blue sea again, we stop a moment beside a fishing smack, and a grizzled old disciple of Isaak Walton, who has been aboard, drops nimbly off and into his own dory. We anchor at Wauwinnet; the fact that its nearest neighbor to the "east" is Spain is to us the most interesting item connected with the island, unless we include the good fish dinners to be had here. The island itself is covered with deep sand, in which laurel, lenum and thin grass struggle for existence. People come here principally for the magnificent surf-bathing which the farther shore affords. There is a life-saving station here, too, and we may be lucky enough to find the men at drill; after witnessing which we will ramble 'long shore, inspecting the sand forts the children have been building, or gathering the handsome, flat, blue-brown shells, with which the beach abounds. If we are a trifle mischievous we will return to the boat ahead of the rest and blow the skipper's old tin horn, bringing companions back long before their time.

A spanking breeze carries us back to Nantucket, where the Athenæum is now open for inspection. Curios of the whaling days and mementoes of the Penobscot Indians seem to occupy the greater part of its walls, although there are endless cases of shells over

which we may linger. Lately, the attendant says, the whales are again numerous, not having been hunted for many years, owing to the great number of cheaper oils that have been substituted for their products, so that several ships are again fitting out for whaling at New Bedford, manned by sailors from Nantucket. Just as we are admiring a wonderful vase in the museum, composed of the wings of South African butterflies, we hear a curious cry in the street.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! Now there's been a fearful flood out West. Mississippi River all under water!—Big murder in Chicago!—Awful news in the papers today! Does any lady or gent want to buy watermelons? Vessel at Strait Wharf. Worth ten cents this week.

"There's been a r-r-rippin' big fire in St. Louis! Millions gone up. Big surf at Wauwinnet. Steamer Cross Katy will leave at 2 P. M. Now here's a sample of ——'s soap. No, ma'm, you can't have but one. Good bye, mum."

We listen in astonishment. Such a picturesque drawl—interrupted again and again by the ringing of the hand bell—we have never heard before; we are informed that it is Billy Clarke, the Nantucket town-crier, the last of the old army of town-criers in the country. We must go out and see Billy, a curious old fellow, "just a little bit loose in the upper regions," as the Nantucketers put it, who goes about singing the news of the place at a fixed stipend from the town council for crying the civic notices, but more largely living on fees paid by merchants for "calling" their latest advertisement. Of course we want a snap-shot of Billy, and bring our kodak into play. But Billy, like President Jackson, is averse to photography, and so resents the act. In fact, he ducks into the nearest house, remaining hidden until he thinks us gone, or

passing out of a rear door, and avoiding us by side avenues, heads us off. If we go in pursuit, Billy will lead us a weary chase, so that the most we can hope to obtain is a photo of the back which he turns upon us, or the one picture that has been taken of Billy and is offered for sale in the town.

Our chase to procure a picture of the town-crier leads us to the station of a little train consisting of a



TOWN CRIER, NANTUCKET

single freight and passenger car, the latter open and with seats that have become rather shabby—the whole bound, overland, for Siasconset, or, as everyone here pronounces, 'Sconset. We, too, would go to 'Sconset.

So at one o'clock we begin our ride out of Nantucket at a place bearing the rather curious sign "water for ships." Of course it is drinking water that is sold, but strikes one as odd till one thinks about it. We pass the custom house, with its tall metal tower, and then proceed along the State road, across the peculiar prairie which covers the interior of Nantucket.

Most of this land is as yet unclaimed—think of it, so close to civilization!—and given over to the laurel, the lenum and the wild carrot, with a plentiful sprinkling of scarlet lilies. Owing to the difficulty of keeping watch on the cattle among the scrub, the land is not even used for grazing, and so nothing meets our eye but an undulating carpet of green, with an occasional



A BIT OF SIASCONSET

darker area marking a prairie fire of recent date.

At 'Sconset we find ourselves in an old fishing town; the cottages set at every angle toward the road save the proper one—some of the houses, in fact, deliberately turn their backs on the street.

Between the old homes, modern cottages have been built, but preserving the color and style of their predecessors even to the extent of ornamenting their gables with figure-heads from former vessels, so that it is often impossible to distinguish the new from the old. Most of the houses are mere cottages of thatch and shingling, built with a wing at each end, so that the

whole forms three sides of a square. Over each door is painted the particular cottage's fanciful name, and this, with the deep sandy road and the rustic gardens, adds to the attractiveness of the whole. In fact we are reminded greatly of our visit to the Island of Marken, on our *Little Journey to Holland* throughout this jaunt, for here, too, the wheels of our buggy sink three and four inches into the sand as we ride through the heart of the town. There is a town pump, probably replacing the Common; but more interesting is the station for the Wireless Telegraph Service, from behind which there rises a huge staff a hundred and sixty-five feet high, with a metal knob on the top, from which pass the messages for the Nantucket Light Ship, far out at sea, which we passed on our other *Little Journey*, or to such passing vessels as are equipped for the service.

We return to Nantucket City in season for a blue-fish supper, and, in the evening, the adventures of a hotel keeper of the town afford us entertainment; he had rounded Cape Horn in the good old days, and had so lost count of time that he only learned, by hearing the church bells on one side of the Cape, that it was Saturday instead of Sunday. Again the curfew calls to bed in primitive Nantucket, and we retire at its bidding.

Leaving Nantucket in the morning by the vessel on which we came, we arrange to remain aboard after reaching Wood's Hole station, in order that we may pass through the famous channel. We expect to see a rather deep and gloomy fiord, such as we met at Cattaro, and so, after long hours out of sight of land

and of coasting the shores of Martha's Vineyard, we become keenly anxious for the little station where we first went aboard. A little after ten this stop is made, and we pass between two long, low islands, almost level with the sea, and so close that there seems just room for us. We would imagine ourselves in a river but for the dim headlands of the coast beyond; but there is really nothing so remarkable about the place, and it is with disappointment that we finally learn that we have gone through the Hole and entered Buzzard's Bay. A short sail across this waterway and we are in the harbor of New Bedford.

NEW BEDFORD, THE TOWN OF THE WHALERS

NEW BEDFORD disputes with Nantucket the right to the title of *the* whaling town, *par excellence*, in the country, and even as we drop anchor we find in a neighboring slip two old whale boats, with three masts, great black painted sails and innumerable quantities of rigging. An old whaler standing by, who had broken one leg and become paralyzed on one side from exposure aboard the boats, tells us of the work.

In whaling, he says, there is usually a crew of thirty or thirty-five men in addition to the ship keeper—who has charge of the vessel when the men are out in the dories. Trips will require from two to three years, as whales of the sperm variety are not plentiful in the western Arctic waters, and so whalers must needs double the Horn and sail up to Bering Straits to catch them. The produce is then carried to San Francisco for sale, and the ship again returns to the fishing grounds in season for more, repeating this

until the whales have changed their schooling-place. Then the last cargo is brought directly home to New Bedford.

We are interested in his account and ask how the whales are taken. When a fish is sighted, he says,



MAIN STREET, NEW BEDFORD

the men follow right behind in a six-oared dory and when close enough in they harpoon and then kill it, either with lances or so-called "bum-guns." If the school is large a flag will be thrust into the carcass to

mark its position, while more whales are sought; and then, after the slaughter is completed, the great vessel comes up, and the "oil case" or sac in the top of the head, which is filled with the clearest spermaceti (often as much as fifty barrels) is removed and poured directly into barrels on the deck. The teeth, which are manufactured into imitation ivory, are then extracted, and after that the whale's head is thrust overboard. A hook is then inserted into the great fin, and by loosening the skin beneath, the latter is drawn

off and the blubber obtained. This skin, then, will be cut into pieces a foot to two feet long, boiled in iron kettles on the deck—the fire maintained from the residue floating on the top as the blubber is reduced to liquid—and then barreled for sale. Even to-day between two and three hundred inhabitants of New Bedford are engaged in whaling, and if we had time to hunt them up we should probably hear of some stirring adventures.

While here we wish to see something of New Bedford itself, and proceed into the heart of the town.

We note that many of the stores are closed, and learn that the occasion is "Clerks' Day," when many of the salesmen attend a great picnic on the Fall River. New Bedford is not a place for sight-seers, no guide-



A WHALER AT NEW BEDFORD

book is available. We are particularly impressed with its many pretty bank buildings and with its broad good streets, the more so on account of the comparatively small stores that edge these thoroughfares. We

take a car ride through the town and shortly, after passing through a pretty residential district, come to a school house which interests us as being the first in the United States to adopt the custom of raising the



ABOARD A WHALER, NEW BEDFORD

American flag every day during session. There is certainly nothing quaint about New Bedford; it is a busy, thriving town with numerous mills within its limits.

Taking a street car out to Fairhaven a little town

that might almost be called a suburb of the larger city, we are shown the handsome home of H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, who has done so much for the improvement of Fairhaven. Taking then still a third car line, in order to see what may be seen, we chance on a clam-bake and enjoy this favorite dish of the New Englanders. In New Bedford, as all over Massachusetts, we notice, too, on vacant lots in the cities, wagons with sides of colored glass drawn up, and pies being sold from them to the passers by. Horses are hired when a locality has been supplied,

and then a new location will be tried for another few days. Here, too, there are stores where driftwood and kindling made from old whalers is sold as the only way of converting these hulks into cash.

After a restful hour in New Bedford's pretty parks we are ready to go on. There is just one more place that we feel we *must* see before taking final leave of this portion of New England, that is the ultra-fashionable Newport, the summer home of the wealthiest of the American plutocrats, and world-famous for its palatial cottages by the sea. To go home without seeing Newport would never do, and so thither we direct our steps.

NEWPORT, THE PLAYGROUND OF THE PLUTOCRATS

WE WILL make a trip by train across that narrow neck of land which separates Buzzard's Bay from Narragansett, and on to the city, and in so doing bid Massachusetts a last farewell, at least for this *Little Journey*. Time has been rolling on and the date for our return is almost here. To Newport and then home is the tenor of our letters.

The heart of Newport will not strike us as particularly attractive. There is a monument to Commodore Perry, in a little park surrounded by rather conventional stores; a bank, postoffice, etc. Wagonets are drawn up offering to take us over the "city," and so we resolve on a drive. We notice, as we go along, that the elegant victorias with which the streets are filled are fitted with jingling little bells, like those of the *droschkies* of Bulgaria, and learn that the jingling serves as warning, the rubber-tired wheels being

practically noiseless. Passing in sight of the harbor, the government torpedo boat station is pointed out, and we see several torpedo boats on duty preparatory to the annual naval sham battle held off the New England coast. Not far away is the lighthouse of which Ida Lewis, the famous life saver, has charge; and in sight of the same, on the mainland, rises a



GATES TO ESTATES AT NEWPORT

fort; so we see the government has not neglected Newport.

It is but a short distance before we find ourselves among the magnificent estates for which Newport is famous. Each of these homes seems finer than the

last, and it would be useless to attempt any form of description; suffice to say that they are magnificent and fully equipped mansions though occupied only during a month or two of the year. The names of their owners and the relationships of each with the other, which the driver kindly supplies us, embrace those of people constantly written about in the newspapers—the Vanderbilts and the Frenches, the Have-

meysers and Smiths, Ledgers, and Huttols, and Davises. Most of these places are bounded by dense woods succeeded by lawns with magnificent floral designs, and beyond these the homes themselves. Hedges or ornamental walks, with gates which are in themselves works of art, and lodges for the porters; golf links, pillared casinos on the bluffs by the sea, cupolas or towers to some hidden home, succeed each other in



FISHERMAN'S WALK, NEWPORT, R. I.

seemingly endless array. Strangely enough, among these estates there is still some "country" land, and we find oxen, driven by rustic hay makers, drawing the wagons. Down by the shore, too, where the surf breaks on greenish slabs of stone, resembling slate, there is a little tunnel, with a path known as "Fishermen's Walk;" it being here that the fishermen won their case against the millionaires, who sought to run fences to the water's edge and so cut off the skippers' path along the coast, where the nets are dragged. Sand-pipers hop about the beach heedless of the for-

tunes represented on the shore from which they give their peculiar calls.

While passing over the splendid roads uniting the "cottages," roads hardened by daily sprinkling with salt water, we learn of the extraordinarily extravagant entertainments that are devised from time to time to amuse the jaded plutocrats. Whole opera troupes will be brought down from New York and entire theatres built for use on a single occasion; there are curious masquerade balls, and people have been known to go so far as to take a pet pig out in an auto in order to



OLD "NORSE" (?) TOWER, NEWPORT

do something really "new." These and other stories are told as we marvel at the marble palace of the Vanderbilts and the other homes of the financially famous.

Returning to more cosmopolitan Newport, we

see in the city park the famous old Stone Mill, a little edifice built of boulders, which was long supposed to be a survivor of the Norsemen's occupation of this, the coast of Vinland, but in recent years it has been

conclusively proved to be of about the same date as the stone mill at Jamestown. We wish to see the State Capitol, and so have the old-fashioned building pointed out to us; it is rather southern in style and fronts on a main square. To our surprise, however, we learn that Rhode Island has no longer the distinction of being the only state with two capitals, and that it is many years since the legislature resolved to meet at Providence only. So we have had two historical illusions destroyed in a very few minutes.

We will take tea at a typical millionaire's casino, the verandas looking down on what is probably the



OLD CAPITOL, NEWPORT, R. I.

most aristocratic tennis court in the world, and where young ladies in snowy lawns and young men in the most up-to-date attire are merrily tossing the balls. Newport prices, we observe, are really not so very high, considering that it is Newport—one dollar and a half for half a fried chicken, a quarter less for a lobster, and an even dollar for chicken salad. This meal,

of course, will be a truly "dear" reminiscence of New England.

We have now seen the coast and central New England—historic New England, that is—pretty thoroughly. The other states are "another story." We will hear of them and their wealth of interest some other time, when, we hope, we shall come together again and make a Little Journey into Farther New England.

"AMERICA."

(Sung for the first time in public at Park Street Church, Boston.)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring among the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of Liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

SOME HINTS FOR READING.

Historic Pilgrimages.—BACON.

A History of the American People.—WOODROW
WILSON.

Students' History of the United States.—CHANNING
Source Book of American History.—HART.

Division and Reunion.—HART.

The American Revolution.—TREVELYAN.

(Arranged as the Trip Proceeds.)

Autobiography, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Scarlet Letter.

House of the Seven Gables.

Marble Faun.—HAWTHORNE.

Paul Revere's Ride.

Courtship of Miles Standish.

Shorter Poems.—LONGFELLOW.

Essays, Selections.—EMERSON.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

Standish of Standish.—HOLMES.

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